

THE HOME: A FIRESIDE MONTHLY.

APRIL, 1859.

CONCERNING TIDINESS.

THOUGHTS UPON AN OVERLOOKED SOURCE OF HUMAN CONTENT.

I HAVE long wished to write an essay on Tidiness; for it appears to me that the absence of this simple and humble quality is the cause of a considerable part of all the evil and suffering, physical and moral, which exist among ordinary folk in this world. Most of us, my readers, are little people; and so it is not surprising that our earthly comfort should be at the mercy of little things. But even if we were, as some of us probably think ourselves, very great and eminent people, not the less would our content be liable to be disturbed by very small matters. A few gritty grains of sand finding their way amid the polished shafts and axles of some great piece of machinery, will suffice to send a jar through it all; and a single drop of a corroding acid falling ceaselessly upon a bright surface will speedily ruin its brightness. And in the life of many men and women, the presence of that physical and mental confusion and discomfort which result from the absence of tidiness, is just that dropping acid, those gritty particles. I do not know why it is that, by the constitution of this universe, evil has so much more power than good to produce its effect and to propagate its nature. One drop of foul will pollute a whole cup of fair water; but one drop of fair water has no power to appreciably improve a cup of foul. Sharp pain, present in a tooth or a toe, will make the whole man miserable, though all the rest of his body be easy; but if all the rest of the body be suffering, an easy toe

or tooth will cause no perceptible alleviation. And so a man with an easy income, with a pretty house in a pleasant neighborhood, with a good-tempered wife and healthy children, may quite well have some little drop of bitterness day by day infused into his cup, which will take away the relish of it all. And this bitter drop, I believe, in the lot of many men, is the constant existence of a domestic muddle.

And yet, practically important as I believe the subject to be, still one rather shrinks from the formal discussion of it. It is not a dignified matter to write about. The name is naturally suggestive of a sour old maid, a precise old bachelor, a vinegar-faced school-mistress, or, at best, a plump and bustling housemaid. To some minds the name is redolent of worry, fault-finding, and bother. Every one can see that it is a fine thing to discuss the laws and order of great things—such as comets, planets, empires, and great cities; things, in short, with which we have very little to do. And why should law and order appear contemptible just where they touch ourselves? Is it as the ocean, clear and clean in its distant depths, grows foul and turbid just where it touches the shore? That which we call law and order when affecting things far away, becomes tidiness where it reaches us. Yet it is not a dignified topic for an essay.

There are, indeed, many degrees in the scale of tidiness. It is a disposition that grows upon one, and some-

times becomes a bondage. Some great musical composer said, shortly before he died, that he was only then beginning to get an insight into the capabilities of his art; and I dare say a similar idea has occasionally occurred to most persons endowed with a very keen sense of order. In matters external, tidiness may go to the length of what we read of Broek, that Dutch paradise of scrubbing-brushes and new paint; in matters metaphysical, it may go the length of what John Foster tells us of himself, when his fastidious sense of the exact sequence of every shade of thought compelled him to make some thousands of corrections and improvements in revising a dozen printed pages of his own composition. Tidiness is in some measure a matter of natural temperament; there are human beings who never could by possibility sit down contentedly, as some can, in a chamber where every thing is topsy-turvy, and who never could by possibility have their affairs, their accounts, their books and papers, in that inextricable confusion in which some people are quite satisfied to have theirs. There may, indeed, be such a thing as that a man shall be keenly alive to the presence or absence of order in his belongings, but at the same time so nerveless and washy that he can not bestir himself and set things to rights; but as a general rule, the man who enjoys order and exactness, will take care to have them about him. There are people who never go into a room but they see at a glance if any of its appointments are awry; and the impression is precisely that which a discordant note leaves on a musical ear.

It is curious how some men, of whom we should not have expected it, had a strong tendency to a certain orderliness. Byron, for example, led a very irregular life, morally speaking; yet there was a curious tidiness about it too. He liked to spend certain hours of the forenoon daily in writing; then, always at the same

hour, his horses came to the door; he rode along the same road to the same spot; there he daily fired his pistols, turned, and rode home again. He liked to fall into a kind of mill-horse round: there was an imperfectly-developed tidiness about the man. And even Johnson himself, though he used to kick his books savagely about, and had his study floor littered with fragments of manuscript, showed hopeful symptom of what he might have been made, when he daily walked up Bolt-court, carefully placing his feet upon the self-same stones, in the self-same order.

Great men, to be sure, may do what they please, and if they choose to dress like beggars, and to have their houses as frowzy as themselves, why, we must excuse it for the sake of all that we owe them. But Wesley was philosophically right when he insisted on the necessity, for ordinary men, of neatness and tidiness in dress; and we can not help making a moral estimate of people from what we see of their conformity to the great law of rightness in little things. I can not tolerate a harum-scarum fellow who never knows where to find any thing he wants; whose boots, and handkerchiefs, and gloves are everywhere but where they are needed. And who would marry a slatternly girl, whose dress is frayed at the edges, and whose fingers are through her gloves? The Latin poet wrote, *Nulla fronti fides*; but I have considerable faith in a front-door. If, when I go to the house of a man of moderate means, I find the steps scrupulously clean, and the brass about the door shining like gold; and if, when the door is opened by a perfectly neat servant (I don't suppose a footman), I find the hall trim as it should be, the oil-cloth shiny without being slippery, the stair-carpet laid straight as an arrow, the brass rods which hold it gleaming, I can not but think that things are going well in that house; that it is the home of cheerfulness, hopefulness, and reasonable prosperity; that the people

in it speak truth and hate hypocrisy, Especially I respect the mistress of that house; and conclude that she is doing her duty in that station in life to which it has pleased God to call her.

But if tidiness be thus important everywhere, what must it be in the dwellings of the poor? In these, so far as my experience has gone, tidiness and morality are always in direct proportion. You can see at once, when you enter a poor man's cottage (always with your hat off, my friend), how his circumstances are, and generally how his character is. If the world is going against him; if hard work and constant pinching will hardly get food and clothing for the children, you see the fact in the untidy house: the poor mistress of it has no heart for that constant effort which is needful in the cottage to keep things right; she has no heart for the constant stitching which is needful to keep the poor little children's clothes on their backs. Many a time it has made my heart sore to see, in the relaxation of wonted tidiness, the first indication that things are going amiss, that hope is dying, that the poor struggling pair are feeling that their heads are getting under water at last. Ah! there is often a sad significance in the hearth no longer so cleanly swept, in the handle wanting from the chest of drawers, in little Jamie's torn jacket, which a few stitches would mend, but which I remember torn for these ten days past! And remember, my reader, that to keep a poor man's cottage tidy, his wife must always have spirit and heart to work. If *you* choose, when you feel unstrung by some depression, to sit all day by the fire, the house will be kept tidy by the servants without your interference. And indeed the inmates of a house of the better sort are putting things out of order from morning till night, and would leave the house in a sad mess if the servants were not constantly following in their wake and setting things to rights again.

But if the laborer's wife, anxious, and weak, and sick at heart as she may rise from her poor bed, do not yet wash and dress the little children, they will not be either washed or dressed at all; if she do not kindle her fire, there will be no fire at all; if she do not prepare her husband's breakfast, he must go out to his hard work without any; if she do not make the beds, and dust the chairs and tables, and wash the linen, and do a host of other things, they will not be done at all.

We hear much now-a-days about the distinctive characteristics of ladies and gentlemen, as contrasted with those of people who are well-dressed and live in fine houses, but whom no house and no dress will ever make gentlemen and ladies. It seems to me that the very first and finest characteristic of all who are justly entitled to these names of honor, is a most delicate, scrupulous, chivalrous consideration for the feelings of the poor. Without *that*, the cottage-visitor will do no good to the cottager. If you, my lady friend, who are accustomed to visit the dwellings of the poor in your neighborhood, convey by your entire demeanor the impression that you are, socially and intellectually, coming a great way down stairs in order to make yourself agreeable and intelligible to the people you find there, you had better have staid at home. You will irritate, you will rasp, you will embitter, you will excite a disposition to let fly at your head. You may sometimes gratify your vanity and folly by meeting with a servile and crawling adulation, but it is hypocritical adulation that grovels in your presence, and shakes the fist at you after the door has closed on your retreating steps.

I like to think of the effect which tidiness has in equalizing the real content of the rich and poor. If even you, my reader, find it pleasant to go into the humblest little dwelling where perfect neatness reigns, think what pleasure the inmates (perhaps the

solitary inmate) of that dwelling must have in daily maintaining that speckless tidiness, and living in the midst of it. There is to me a perfect charm about a sanded floor, and about deal furniture scrubbed into the perfection of cleanliness. How nice the table and the chairs look; how inviting that solitary big arm-chair by the little fire! The fire-place indeed consists of two blocks of stone washed over with pipe-clay, and connected by half a dozen bars of iron; but no register grate of polished steel ever pleased me better. God has made us so that there is a racy enjoyment, a delightful smack, about extreme simplicity co-existing with extreme tidiness. I don't mean to say that I should prefer that sanded floor and those chairs of deal to a Turkey carpet and carved oak or walnut; but I assert that there is a certain indefinable relish about the simpler furniture that the grander wants. In a handsome apartment you don't think of looking at the upholstery in detail; you remark whether the general effect be good or bad; but in the little cottage you look with separate enjoyment on each separate simple contrivance. Do you think that a rich man, sitting in his sumptuous library, all oak and morocco, glittering backs of splendid volumes, lounges and sofas of every degree, which he merely paid for, has half the enjoyment that Robinson Crusoe had when he looked round his cave with its rude shelves and bulk-heads, its clumsy arm-chair and rough pottery, all contrived and made by his own hands?

I have not space to say any thing of the importance of tidiness in the poor man's dwelling in a sanitary point of view. Untidiness *there* is the direct cause of disease and death. And it is the thing, too, which drives the husband and father to the ale-house. All this has been so often said, that it is needless to repeat it; but there is another thing which is not so generally understood, and which deserves to be mentioned.

Let me then say to all landed proprietors, it depends very much upon you whether the poor man's home shall be tidy or not. Give a poor man a decent cottage, and he has some heart to keep tidiness about the door, and his wife has some heart to maintain tidiness within. Many of the dwellings which the rich provide for the poor are such that the poor inmates must just sit down in despair, feeling that it is in vain to try to be tidy, either without doors or within.

Experience has shown that healthy, cheerful, airy cottages for the poor, in which something like decency is possible, entail no pecuniary loss upon the philanthropic proprietor who builds them. But even if they did, it is his bounden duty to provide such dwellings. If he do not, he is disloyal to his country, an enemy to his race, a traitor to the God who intrusted him with so much. And surely, in the judgment of all whose opinion is worth a rush, it is a finer thing to have the cottages on a man's estate places fit for human habitation—with the climbing-roses covering them, the little gravel-walk to the door, the little potato-plot cultivated at after-hours, with windows that can open and doors that can shut; with little children not pallid and lean, but plump and rosy (and fresh air has as much to do with that as abundant food has), surely, I say, it is better a thousand times to have one's estate dotted with scenes such as *that*, than to have a dozen more paintings on one's walls, or a score of additional horses in one's stables.

And now, having said so much in praise of tidiness, let me conclude by remarking that it is possible to carry even this virtue to excess. It is foolish to keep houses merely to be cleaned, as some Dutch housewives are said to do. Nor is it fit to clip the graceful forms of Nature into unnatural trimness and formality, as Dutch gardeners do. Among ourselves, however, I am not aware that

there exists any tendency to either error: so it is needless to argue against either. The perfection of Dutch tidiness is to be found, I have said, at Broek, a few miles from Amsterdam. Here is some account of it from Washington Irving's ever-pleasing pen:

"What renders Broek so perfect an Elysium in the eyes of all true Hollanders, is the matchless height to which the spirit of cleanliness is carried there. It amounts almost to a religion among the inhabitants, who pass the greater part of their time rubbing and scrubbing, and painting and varnishing; each housewife vies with her neighbor in devotion to the scrubbing-brush, as zealous Catholics do in their devotions to the Cross.

"I alighted outside the village, for no horse or vehicle is permitted to enter its precincts, lest it should cause defilement of the well-scoured pavements. Shaking the dust off my feet, then, I prepared to enter, with due reverence and circumspection, this *sanctum sanctorum* of Dutch cleanliness. I entered by a narrow street, paved with yellow bricks, laid edgewise, and so clean that one might eat from them. Indeed, they were actually worn deep, not by the tread of feet, but by the friction of the scrubbing-brush.

"The houses were built of wood, and all appeared to have been freshly painted, of green, yellow, and other bright colors. They were separated from each other by gardens and orchards, and stood at some little distance from the street, with wide areas or court-yards, paved in mosaic with variegated stones, polished by frequent rubbing. The areas were divided from the streets by curiously wrought railings or balustrades of iron, surmounted with brass and copper balls, scoured into dazzling effulgence. The very trunks of the trees in front of the houses were by the same process made to look as if they had been varnished. The porches, doors, and window-frames of the

houses were of exotic woods, curiously carved and polished like costly furniture. The front-doors are never opened, except on christenings, marriages, and funerals; on all ordinary occasions, visitors enter by the back-doors. In former times, persons when admitted had to put on slippers; but this oriental ceremony is no longer insisted on."

We are assured by the same authority, that such is the love of tidiness which prevails at Broek, that the good people there can imagine no greater felicity than to be ever surrounded by the very perfection of it. And it seems that the *prediger*, or preacher of the place, accommodates his doctrine to the views of his hearers; and in his weekly discourses, when he would describe that Happy Place, where, as I trust, my readers and I will one day meet the quiet burghers of Broek, he strongly insists that it is the very tidiest place in the universe: a place where all things (I trust he says *within* as well as *around*), are spotlessly pure and clean; and where all disorder, confusion, and dirt are done with forever!

THE ROSE-BUSH.

FROM THE GERMAN.

A CHILD sleeps under a rose-bush fair,
The buds swell out in the soft May air;
Sweetly it rests, and on dream-wings flies
To play with the angels in Paradise.
And the years glide by.

A maiden stands by the rose-bush fair,
The dewy blossoms perfume the air;
She presses her hand to her throbbing breast,
With love's first wonderful rapture blest.
And the years glide by.

A mother kneels by the rose-bush fair,
Soft sigh the leaves in the evening air;
Sorrowing thoughts of past arise,
And tears of anguish bedim her eyes.
And the years glide by.

Naked and lone stands the rose-bush fair,
Whirl'd are the leaves in the autumn air;
Wither'd and dead they fall to the ground,
And silently cover a new-made mound.
And the years glide by.

MY "REWARD OF MERIT."

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

"OH, Lizzie Marsh!" said Jennie Harrison, running into our house one cold morning in December. "School commences next Monday, don't you think? and Mr. Marston says he guesses they've got a teacher now that will make us 'stand?' He says he'd just as soon whip any of us large girls as not, and we'll have to walk pretty straight! Laura Marston says she saw him over to Tunbridge County Fair, and he is positively as black as a thunder-cloud! I s'pose we'll have to say good-by to all fun and good times for this winter! I declare it's a shame! Why couldn't the committee have taken Charley Raymond? He's handsome, and clever, and such a nice beau!"

"Why, Jennie, if this is n't bad news enough!" taking my hands out of the bread I was kneading, to lift them up in astonishment. "Too bad! I say—Charley would have let us taken some peace of our lives, and not killed us if we had happened to have called horse an active transitive verb! Besides, he wears a mustache, and it isn't at all likely the new teacher will! What's his name, I wonder? John somebody, of course! I do hate the name of John!"

"Yes; you've guessed right; it is John—John L. Forrester, Mr. Marston said he wrote it when he signed the engagement papers. John! what an abominable name!"

"Well, Jennie," I said, philosophically, "I suppose we'll have to make the best of it, and put our merriment in sackcloth for this term; but just between you and me, Jen., if he don't suit me, I mean to have the headache and stay away half the time, and the other half I'll be just as cross and contrary as I can! Who cares for tardy marks from a black old fellow named John?"

"And who don't wear any mustache—sure enough, who does, I wonder? But I must go; so good-by,

Lizzie, till Monday morning—I'm going over to Nettie White's to spend the day, and I thought I'd call in and tell you about the new teacher, so you might get your mind made up to hate him! Well, good-by, dear!" and with a look of contempt in her blue eyes—contempt for the new teacher—Jennie kissed her hand at me from the gate, and hurried down the road.

Jennie Harrison was a beauty—every one who looked on her clear, fresh face, her bright, sparkling eyes, and curls of brown hair, was ready to admit that; but Jennie was a bit of a flirt; an only child, and a little spoiled, and sometimes she was willful and obstinate. But she had a warm, true heart under all this chaff lying outwardly, and I loved her, and was glad to call her my most intimate friend. We were very nearly of an age—I was seventeen in August, Jennie sixteen the previous February.

The schoolmaster had always been something of a distinguished personage in Wheatwold. From the good old times when the school was taught in a log house with a stone fire-place, and stick chimney, and the master "boarded round," up to the very time when Mr. John L. Forrester was expected to take charge of the school in the prim, brick school-house, which rejoiced in a furnace, ventilators, black-boards, and all the modern conveniences.

What a "time" there used to be in each respective family when the teacher was coming there to board! It was a greater event than Thanksgiving, and there was more cooking to be done than for Christmas-day itself! Venerated roosters crowed their last—cut short in their career to make broth for the schoolmaster; turkeys, hens, pigs, and calves squalled and squealed in their death-agonies, for a week before the schoolmaster was to honor the estate of their master with his august presence! Well, but these times had passed away, and the teacher was always boarded at

Squire Horn's—the Squire happening to live nearest the school-house.

Charley Raymond, a good-natured, handsome young man of twenty-three, had been the presiding genius of the Wheatwold school for two winters, and well had we all enjoyed ourselves under Charley's *regime*. If we saw fit to climb in and out of the windows, make pictures of each other on our writing-book covers, or laugh in Charley's face, Charley did n't object, provided we were civil about it, and didn't make so much noise as to alarm the neighbors, and make them think the Indian war had broken out anew. Did we recite our lessons imperfectly, Charley only said, smilingly under his mustache, "Ladies, you must do better next time."

As a matter of course, we all liked Charley; and were really angry when any one ventured to say a word against his system of government, or to impugn his motives in allowing us to do as we chose. The committee had refused him the school for the coming term because they said he kept no order; and they had gone off into a neighboring State, and engaged this Mr. John L. Forrester to tyrannize over us! We had a right to be indignant; and I, for one, made up my mind that if the new "master" displayed his cloven hoof at me, I'd make him sorry for it. Girls of seventeen are generally rather "shallow" creatures.

Monday morning found us all, bright and early, assembled in the school-room, waiting the advent of the new teacher. We amused ourselves by drawing pictures of Mr. John L. Forrester, as he existed in our imagination, on our slates, and comparing them—each girl with another's. Fine specimens of art they were, and exceedingly flattering to Mr. Forrester's self-esteem, if he could only have seen them. Noses a foot in length, mostly like an elephant's, horns and ears of enormous dimensions—and all supposed to belong to the *personnel* of the unfortunate schoolmaster. Jim Goddard said he

knew the master's eyes were like coals of fire, and accordingly he made a fancy sketch of him on a bit of pasteboard, cutting eyes out of yellow paper, and sticking them on the face.

We were all laughing heartily at the effect of this drawing, when the sound of a firm, decided step, in the entry, aroused us. In an instant every eye was turned in that direction; the door opened noiselessly, and a stranger came into the room, and walked up to the teacher's desk. Arrived there, he took off his hat, and facing the disorderly group, he looked steadily at us, for the space of perhaps five minutes, in utter silence.

He was tall, and strongly-built, with a carriage at once powerful and graceful; and his manner was dignified and self-contained as that of the king beast of the forest. Evidently this Mr. John L. Forrester knew his strength, and rejoiced in it. He was not a handsome man—no stretch of the imagination could have invested him with the attributes of beauty; but he was, without exception, the most striking-looking person I had ever seen. His features, like his form, were large and strong; his complexion rather pale than otherwise; his hair very dark, abundant, and glossy; his forehead wide and full; and his eyes like none that I have ever looked into. It would be useless for you ever to strive to deceive him, for those eyes looked you through and through, before you could frame the semblance of a lie! Then, I thought them black; now, I know that they were intense dark gray. And this was Mr. John L. Forrester. We had all ample opportunity to observe him fully.

"Children!" he said, at length, and his voice, though deep and sonorous, was not unpleasant. "To your seats! it is nine o'clock—school-time!"

(Charley had always called us "ladies and gentlemen!") We hastened to our seats, for there was no mistaking the metal of which our teacher was composed.

"I know I shall hate him!" whispered Jennie Harrison to me, as she sat down by my side, for we had always been seat-mates in all the schools we had attended.

After reading in the Scriptures, Mr. Forrester, with pencil and paper, went over the room to ascertain the names, ages, and intended courses of study of his pupils. At last he came to us.

"Your name, if you please?" he said to me, in a gentle tone enough.

I gave it; and when he asked my age, I gave that also, though Charley had never dared upon the impoliteness of demanding the ages of his young lady pupils. He turned to Jennie.

"Your name?"

"Jennie Harrison!" she answered, a little pertly.

"Your age, Miss Jennie?"

She did not reply, but smiled coquettishly, and tossed her bright curls over her face. "Your age, if you please?" Still she was silent, and Mr. Forrester, with a cold, unvarying countenance, again repeated his question.

"In my teens!" she replied, tartly, for Jennie was willful, and did not like to be teased.

"Ah! I regret that you do not know your age, and I will take an early opportunity to learn it of your mother. Then I will write it down for you, and there will be no further danger of your remaining in ignorance!"

He went quietly to the next desk; but you should have seen Jennie. She was positively angry. Her eyes sparkled, and her cheeks glowed crimson; she would have said something disrespectful, but I caught her arm and arrested her; for I knew by the expression of Mr. Forrester's face, that she would not be spared on account of her beauty.

"Oh, Lizzie! how I do despise him!" she said, in a choked whisper, for she was on the point of giving up to tears. "I wish—"

She was cut short by the voice of Mr. Forrester. "Miss Marsh and Miss Harrison will sit separate for the remainder of the term; Miss Harrison will take the seat here by the window, and Miss Marsh will remain where she is."

We could not have been more astonished if the floor had opened, disclosing *Ægean* depths at our feet! Jennie and I, who had never sat apart for fifteen minutes in the whole course of our school life, to be thus rudely severed! We looked at each other silently, in amazement. Jennie would have rebelled, but I glanced at the calm, unruffled countenance of Mr. Forrester, and read our fate there.

"Go, Jennie," I said, in a whisper; "it will save trouble."

Jennie arose, took her books, and flinging herself into the designated seat, bowed her head, and sobbed bitterly. Mr. Forrester never deigned to turn his head in her direction, evidently from his manner, he had forgotten her presence in the room. He went on examining the primary classes—arranging, giving out lessons and explanations with clearness, force, and vigor. I must confess that I never saw so much accomplished in so little time by one person.

By and by it was eleven o'clock, and the bell rang for recess. All the girls went out, except Jennie and I—she had not raised her head from the desk, and I remained to keep her company. Mr. Forrester observed us, and remarked:

"Miss Marsh and Miss Harrison, it is recess."

"I am aware of it!" I returned, saucily, for I was provoked and nettled by the calm matter-of-fact way in which he did and said every thing.

"You will both go out!" he said, opening the door, with that unmistakable look of power on his face.

We did go out, spitefully enough, I imagine, and he closed the door after us.

"The mean old dragon! How I do abhor him!" cried Jennie, to the

sympathizing group of girls in the entry.

"So do I; and I wish he was in the bottom of the Red Sea!" said I, impetuously, and looking up, I saw Mr. Forrester standing at the window just over my head, very quietly solving a problem for Jim Goddard.

"Goodness! Lizzie, he heard you!" exclaimed Mary White, in terror. "Now we'll all catch it, I'll warrant!"

"I don't care if he did!" I said, sturdily; "he's a tyrant, and I hate him!"

Just then the bell rang, and we went into the school room. I fully expected that Mr. Forrester would call us to an account for our criticism upon his character, but in this I was disappointed. He maintained the same stolid demeanor throughout the entire day, never gentle, always stern, though not unkind; and exacting to the last degree in having us give perfect recitations. He did not hesitate to tell the first class in grammar, of which Jennie and I had been hitherto the honored members, that we had our lesson badly prepared, that we recited in a bad tone, and that we must remain on the recitation seats until we could answer every question profounded in the exercise!

Well, days passed on, much the same as the first day. Our lessons were all thoroughly committed, and Mr. Forrester made extended explanations upon each day,—explanations which we could not but allow were of as much benefit to us as the knowledge of the lesson itself. He had a manner of interesting his listeners in what he was saying, and at such times I forgot my dislike of him, and drank in every word which fell from his lips eagerly and thirstily.

But Jennie and I could not forget his harshness to us—for thus we called it—and many and bitter were the vows we made to be revenged on him. But nothing seemed to present itself by which we could attain any advantage over him, yet we waited

and watched diligently for an opportunity.

Mr. Forrester was very poor—report said—and an invalid mother and young sister looked to him for support; and this, so far from exciting our sympathy, only made us look down upon our teacher. When we are resolved to dislike a person, how ready we are to turn every little circumstance to his disadvantage, and how uncharitable we grow toward him for those misfortunes over which he has no control. So we often laughed and joked about Mr. Forrester's poverty, and proposed to get up a subscription to buy him an over-coat, as for the first week of his school, he did not wear that article of clothing. But we were saved this, for on the second week he made his appearance in a good, though coarse, outer coat of dark gray.

This coat he hung up on a peg near the stove; and at recess, while we were warming ourselves by the fire, a very wicked thought came into my head. Wouldn't it be fine sport, and a good revenge, to burn that over-coat, and allow Mr. Forrester to suppose it was done by accident? A flend told me to mention it to Jennie, and I did so. No sooner were the words out of my mouth, then I repented them; but Jennie, glancing around, and seeing Mr. Forrester engaged in writing copies, seized the coat by the skirt, and dashed it against the red-hot stove pipe. In a moment, one entire side of the garment was burnt to a cinder. Glancing hurriedly behind me, I saw Mr. Forrester's eyes fixed full upon us—he had seen all—and I really felt a pang of remorse at the expression of mingled sorrow and reproach which settled whitely over his face.

I could not endure that look, it had too much of quiet suffering in it, and I do believe that I should have gone out in the face of the whole school and confessed myself the cause of the catastrophe, and implored Mr. Forrester's forgiveness, but Jennie pulled

me by the sleeve, and said, "We must brave it out, Lizzie."

So I hushed the gentle spirit of repentance, and met the teacher's gaze with a hard, stony countenance, which had little of humility or regret about it. I expected Mr. Forrester would reprimand us sharply—perhaps inflict some severe punishment upon us—but he made no remark touching the disgraceful affair. The day wore on, and the school for the afternoon was over, but still he made no allusion to our *crime*, for I could regard it as scarcely less. That which would have been nothing to a son of wealth, might be every thing to this man, who was struggling hard with poverty. That paltry coat might have been purchased at the cost of comforts strictly necessary to his invalid mother;—perhaps his young sister had denied herself food that her brother might be protected from the inclement weather. I thought on the subject until I had wrought myself up to such a remorse of feeling, that I could almost have gone down on my knees to have asked Mr. Forrester's pardon; but he gave me no opportunity of performing any such act of self-abnegation.

The following day, though the air was intensely cold, and a fine, cutting frost drifted icily down from the Northern mountains, Mr. Forrester came to school without an over-coat; and for all that long cold winter, every day, stormy or not, he was exposed in the same unprotected condition. It was evident he was too poor to repair the loss. Jennie and I were both of us heartily ashamed of the part we had played, and would have gladly worked for a month, to remedy the evil we had done, had the thing been possible. Jennie proposed to give Mr. Forrester a coat as a New Year's present, but I fancied that beneath a calm, cold exterior, our teacher concealed a sensitive spirit, and, of course, that I would never do. So Jennie and I repented in secret; but we did not conquer our dislike of

Mr. Forrester, and lost no opportunity of making him uncomfortable.

One day, when I had unwittingly whispered with a girl in the desk next mine, Mr. Forrester discovered me just as I was covering the act with my atlas. He looked steadily at me, evidently thinking to disconcert me by his gaze, but I was desperate, and kept on in my disobedience.

"Miss Marsh!" said he, quietly, "whispering is forbidden."

There was company in school that afternoon—a Mr. Lovell and his sister, from New York—and the idea of being thus corrected before strangers was a little too much for my temper. I did not answer him, but I felt the hot blood rush in a torrent to my brow. He spoke again in the same mild voice:

"Miss Marsh!" I looked up sullenly. "Miss Marsh, when I first came here as your teacher, I wrote upon a card, and posted it up in the hall, 'Whispering is forbidden.' One who transgresses this rule is to receive punishment." His tones were almost kind, and there was a grieved expression in his face that sorely puzzled me. "You knew this, did you, Miss Marsh?"

"I did, Mr. Forrester."

"You will please come out upon the platform."

I was disgraced before the school, the visitors, and in my own eyes; and well I knew the penalty accorded to a scholar caught whispering—six blows from the ferule, and a seat for the ensuing half day on a rough block of wood placed near the teacher's chair, and christened by us girls, "The Culprit's Throne." The blows I knew that I could endure without flinching, but to be put on that block in the face of a grinning troop of half-grown boys and girls, and a score of little urchins, was terrible to think of. But I arose, at last, and went steadily down to Mr. Forrester's seat, my eyes fixed upon that abominable "throne" all the way. He noticed the direction of my thoughts, and for

a moment he seemed to consider. Then he rose, and gave me his own chair, without remark, other than, "You may sit here, for the present."

I obeyed him, and for the remainder of the afternoon, I occupied the seat of honor. But it was precious little honor to me, for the girls laughed slyly at me from behind their books, and the boys shook their heads in a knowing way, equivalent to saying, "Guess you've ketched it!"

At night, Mr. Forrester dismissed me with the others, for which act of condescension on his part I felt immeasurably thankful, for I had dreading a "talking to" most heartily.

Some days after this, my little brother Willie—a blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked five-year-old darling—teased to go to school with "sissy," and, after a great deal of persuasion on my part, my mother consented for him to accompany me.

The little fellow behaved well, and at noon as we were returning home to dinner, Jennie and I arm in arm, and Willie with his sled running beside us, the string of the sled got knotted, and Willie stopped a moment to untie it, while Jennie and I, engaged in animated conversation about somebody or something, hurried on.

Suddenly the sound of horses' feet and the harsh jingling of sleigh-bells burst on the air, and turning hurriedly, I beheld a sight that transfixed me. Willie, my darling Willie, his little eager hands busied in untying the rope, while he sang merrily to himself; and just upon him, tearing down the road at a terrible rate, came a coal-black horse, wild, mad, and reckless, dragging behind him an overturned sleigh, and casting the white foam in great flakes from his mouth and nostrils. I could see it all, realize it all in the few seconds that were left me for thought; and I knew the inevitable fate. Right in the mad steed's path, my blue-eyed Willie!—only a few yards of space between my darling and the reckless

animal! Powerless and frozen I closed my eyes, for I dared not behold that which was to come.

I felt the furious rushing of the air as the horse flew by me—heard the grating of iron-shod hoofs upon the sharp ice, and then, in trembling terror, I ventured to look. But, oh, joy! not Willie, white and crushed, with crimson stains on his golden hair, but Willie, bright and rosy, in the arms of Mr. Forrester.

I hardly understood it; but my darling was alive, and eager to clasp his living form once more, I flew to the side of his preserver.

"Is he hurt?"

"I think not; only frightened."

The peculiar tone of Mr. Forrester's voice startled me, while his words made peace in my breast. I glanced over his face—it was pale with suffering—and I noticed that he used only his right arm in supporting Willie, while his left hung down by his side. Then, I saw that his unoccupied hand was red with blood, and still dripped brightly with the warm current.

"Good Heavens, Mr. Forrester! You are wounded!" I cried; in my terror and anxiety forgetting how much I disliked Mr. John L. Forrester.

"Do not alarm yourself; it is nothing serious, I think—only a blow from the hoof of the horse."

He attempted to move his arm, but the effort was useless, and I knew by the contortion of his features, that he was trying to keep his suffering from me.

"Oh, dear!" I cried; "what shall I do? I, the careless cause of all of it!"

"Tiss him, sissy, tiss him; if it 'adn't been for 'im, 'ou 'ouldn't had any Willie now!" said Willie, earnestly; for his ideas of healing were all connected with kissing.

Mr. Forrester attempted to smile, and would perhaps have replied, but Dr. Gray's gig came up the street just at that moment, and he went into the doctor's office to ask that

gentleman's opinion of his hurt. The doctor, fresh from a long, tiresome ride in the country, was not very delicate in giving his declaration; the arm of the schoolmaster, he said, was broken above the elbow, and badly crushed below. It had swollen rapidly, and the operation of "setting" and bandaging would be very painful.

I heard the decision, and then I went home with Willie, very grateful and very sorrowful. Somehow, I could not help thinking that I was much to blame; for if I had not allowed Willie to have fallen behind me, it would have all been well; and so I fretted, while Jennie in her enthusiasm at his bravery, forgot her aversion to Mr. Forrester, and dwelt in glowing terms on the recklessness of danger which he had displayed, and the heroism with which he had borne his misfortune.

My father felt toward the schoolmaster the most fervent gratitude, and urged upon him the invitation to make our house his home while his injury kept him from school; but this Mr. Forrester thankfully, but decidedly, declined.

There was no school for a week; but at the end of that time, notwithstanding Dr. Gray's injunction to the contrary, Mr. Forrester was again at his post. He was only a little paler, and graver, and his arm was carefully fastened in a sling.

When he came slowly up the path to the school-house door, I went out to meet him, for I wished to tell him how much my heart thanked him for Willie's life. But somehow my words died out, and I said, confusedly:

"Mr. Forrester."

"Well, Miss Marsh."

"I want to thank you for saving my brother," I said, steadily; "and to ask your forgiveness for all the trouble I have made you. Heaven helping me, I will make no more!"

He turned quickly, startled perhaps by the intensity of my voice, looked searchingly into my face, wrung my hand, and exclaimed:

"No more! I am satisfied."

And so was I, though I could not have told why; but I went to my seat, feeling happier than I had done for many a day. I tried my best to be orderly and obedient, and I think I succeeded. Jennie, too, partly because she admired Mr. Forrester's bravery, and partly in emulation of my own behavior, was sedate and quiet, studying with uncommon application, and, in consequence, reciting perfect lessons.

* * * * *

The winter wore away, and our school drew to a close. Mr. Forrester had won for himself an enviable name as a strict disciplinarian, a cogent reasoner, and a successful instructor. The committee—powerful authority—said that there never had been a man in Wheatwold whose name was worthy of a place on the same page; whose mark had been left for good so effectually on the conduct of his scholars. And they offered to double his wages, if he would remain in the same capacity toward us through the spring term, but he steadily refused.

Mr. Forrester was a singular person; this we had discovered long before. He sought no acquaintance with any one—rather shunned the society of the village, and declined all of the many invitations which he received to parties and merry-makings. Night after night, Squire Horn's wife said, he burnt his candle till long past midnight, but how he was employed, she could not guess, as he had carefully evaded all her skillful questioning concerning it.

In time, his manner toward his pupils underwent a slight change. Always grave, he was now, at times, kind and gentle; and coming home from school one day, Jennie Harrison said:

"Lizzie, Mr. Forrester is handsome, don't you think so?"

I hardly knew what I thought, but I snapped the snow off an alder-bush which hung over the path, and thought

how softly he had said, "Good-night," to me, a few moments before.

Winter had gone, and March, with its rough winds and snows, was upon us. The maple-sugar season in its full tide had come, and was, as usual, almost a carnival to the young people of Wheatwold. We had all received an invitation to ride over to Maplewood Island to the sugar camp—have a bit of a social party, eat sugar, enjoy ourselves, and return home by the light of a midnight moon.

Maplewood was an island of twenty or thirty acres, situated in the bosom of one of our Northern lakes, and the ride thither was one of the standing amusements of each succeeding spring. The distance was not great—only three miles by land, and the remaining four on the solid ice, which, at this season of the year, covered the lake in a funeral shroud.

For a week previous to the time of which I write, heavy rains had fallen, but as they were succeeded by fine, frosty weather, we apprehended no damage to the strength of the ice. 'Tis true, the old folks shook their heads bodingly, and said the breaking up of the ice on the Winnipiseogee was not an affair to be trifled with; but we laughed at them, and assured them, over and over again, there could be no possible danger.

The moon was young, but it would shine till midnight, and if we should by any chance over-stay our time, we could easily find our way back by the light of the stars. To our infinite surprise, Mr. Forrester, on being asked to accompany us, accepted the proposition; and as he did not seem inclined to take a lady with him, Thomas Shaw (an incorrigible old bachelor, who liked to be in the company of girls, provided they had no claim on his money), offered him a seat in his sleigh.

The day appointed for the excursion was fair and mild; such a day as March sometimes condescends to give us, to show that nothing is all evil. There was a breeze from the South,

and withal, a dreamy softening of the sky, which we often see in the latter part of April, but rarely in the first month of spring. A pearly-white frost ridged the trees with garnishing of silver in the morning, but the first touch of the warm sunshine melted it away like dew; and toward sundown a belt of purple haze, betokening a storm not far off, ran along the north-western horizon.

We set off in high spirits, about five o'clock in the afternoon; there were ten sleighs—two persons in each sleigh. Charley Raymond took me, and Jim Goddard Jennie Harrison.

We arrived safely and speedily at Maplewood, and received a cordial welcome from the sturdy old forester and his two sons who had the proprietorship of the camp. To the terror of the girls, and the apparent amusement of the boys, the ice had in places shrunk apart, leaving wide crevices or "reefs" of open water from shore to shore, and across which we could only pass by throwing huge blocks of ice, cut from the lake, across as a bridge. But after our arrival at the camp, all this was forgotten in the mirth and hilarity which prevailed.

Mr. Forrester appeared in a new phase of character which I could hardly understand. He was cheerful, at times positively gay, and the life of the company.

A sugar camp! who has had the good fortune to visit one, on friendly terms with the owner, and with a *carte blanche* to do as he chooses? Those who have enjoyed this rural privilege, do not need us to quicken their memories by describing the huge stone fire-places, and the immense vats where the sweet sap is converted into sweeter syrup, and afterward "grained" into sugar; the wide, low camps, with sides of thickly-interlaced hemlock boughs, and roofs of birch bark; the great piles of fagots, and the red fires streaming wierdly up their light and smoke to the dark sky above.

We partook of the syrup and

sugar; we told stories; cracked such jokes as we were able to invent; played at Hunt the Slipper, Blind Man's Buff, etc., before the camp-fire; and listened to wild tales of adventure from the lips of the rough old "sap-boiler."

Mr. Forrester did not join us in the "plays," but he did not frown us down into insignificance; and he smiled kindly at the "oceans" of fun which made the old bark roofs ring. Suddenly he went out of the camp, and as suddenly he returned; but his face wore a look of doubt and perplexity, which at once put a stop to our merriment.

"What is the matter?" queried a dozen eager voices in chorus.

"Do not alarm yourselves; but it may be best for us to set out immediately for home; a warm storm from the south-east is in progress—the rain feels like that of July—and before morning the ice, if indeed there be any left, will be impassable!" There was a loud murmur of disappointment from the assembled group, but Mr. Forrester, without heeding it, passed on to the side of the "sap-boiler." "Islander," he said, addressing the old man, who stood without the door of the camp intently gazing at the black, lowering sky, "what is your advice?"

"Get out your horses, and don't spare the whip until their hoofs touch the mainland! There'll be a time on the Winne before to-morrow's sunrise!"

We took heed of the man's warning, and made all haste to the sleighs, and after bidding the islanders a hasty good-night, set off briskly for land. The water, which was of the depth of some inches already upon the ice, splashed over us at the tearing rate we went, but we cared only for a foothold upon *terra firma*.

For the sake of keeping the track, our sleighs were kept in a line, one behind the other, headed by Calvin Wheaton, a young man well acquainted with every portion of the Winnipiseogee. Charley and I were in the very last sleigh, and Mr. Forrester in that next before us.

We had not proceeded half a mile, when a thick fog came down from the mountains, and what with the falling rain, the splashing of the water, and the fog, it was exceedingly difficult to drive in the right direction.

I was shuddering and fearful—apprehending I knew not what; Charley strove to reassure me, and Mr. Forrester continually looked around, and essayed some encouraging word. I had covered up my face in the buffalo-robes, resolving to see and hear nothing, when a piercing shriek from some one of the forward sleighs aroused me.

"The reef! the reef!"

I distinctly caught the words above the terrible roar with which the whole air seemed filled. Then there was a crush, a plunge, a sound like the splitting of a thousand strong oaks by a thunderbolt—the world before me faded out; I felt myself going down somewhere; I was icy cold, and pierced to the skin with moisture; I strove to utter a cry, but it seemed choked on my lips; I heard afar off the frantic jingling of receding bells—then there was a blank. I felt a strong arm around me; I was lifted to my feet, and drawn close up to some living, breathing being. Thank God! I was not alone! I thought it was Charley, and I clung to him, crying out, "O Charley! where are we?—where?"

"We are together, Miss Marsh,—where, I can hardly tell you. Have courage and hope."

The voice was low and deep, and it sent a strange, sweet thrill over me; I trembled, but surely not with fear.

"Who are you?" I asked the question, but my heart had already told me its answer.

"One who will die for you, if it comes to that!"

I would have moved away from him, but he held me strongly and steadily as at first.

"Be quiet—your life, maybe, depends on it! I know not how narrow a platform of ice we stand upon;

perhaps but a span between us and eternity. Our only safety is in keeping together." He clasped me closer as he spoke, and my face was bowed down on his shoulder.

"Tell me the worst!" I said, for I knew he had kept that back.

"Can you bear it, darling?"

Oh, how impassioned were his tones, and what a leap my heart gave as that one endearing word fell on my ear! Even in that hour of extreme peril, I felt how completely John Forrester reigned over my life and soul. The reply I made him, was wrung from me by the agitation of my heart—at another time, I would not have spoken thus to him for worlds;

"Yes, I can bear any thing—any thing if you are with me!" My words seemed to fill him with a wild, strange joy.

"God bless you, Lizzie Marsh! Now, I am more than content. Yes, I will tell you the whole extent of our danger. The ice of the lake is breaking up. You were thrown from the sleigh by the runner's catching against a cake of ice already lying slantwise; I saw you, and I sprang out after you."

"Why? oh, why did you come? why not have left me, without sacrificing yourself?"

"My child," he said, slowly and solemnly; "life and death are the same to me without you! with you, either is Heaven! Tell me now, even in the uncertainty of this moment, shall we suffer life and death together?"

His breath swept my lips; I could feel the burning of his eyes upon my face; from my heart, which I had long known but too well, I answered him:

"Yes; we will go together!"

He drew me up into his arms, and pressed hot kisses upon my lips, and called me names so sweet and sacred, that I dare not write them down, lest they lose their blessed significance. And I, in spite of all the terrible void which the future held for us, was

happy. Happy that I had gained a love for which I had thirsted, but hopelessly as Tantalus of old for the forbidden water.

We were alone together on a little floe of ice, drifting on amid the crash of all that vast expanse of frigidity which had covered, but a few hours ago, the broad Winnipiseogee. What was to be our fate? What had been the fate of our companions? But if home and friends were to be mine no more, *he* was with me! I should die with him—our spirits would go to the great Unknown together. There was a wild joy even in that thought, and I gave myself up to it.

On and on we drifted; the waters howled hoarsely over the crushed ice, and the blinding rain fell in one wide sheet from the dense clouds! Mr. Forrester spoke but little, but oh how dear were his words to me! I grew cold, very cold; my thin garments were saturated with dampness, and frozen upon my flesh. Mr. Forrester, in spite of all the remonstrances I could offer, took off his coat, and wrapped it around me.

"Lizzie," he said, at length, "you pray sometimes, do you not? Let us ask God to deliver us! It is our right!"

And he did pray—such a petition have I never heard offered—and after that I felt more of hope, but lost not my resignation. By and by, the gloom lessened a little; the rain fell only in scattering drops, and the fog cleared up somewhat, giving us a view of our situation. And that first view almost palsied my heart with terror! We stood upon a frail block of ice, not five yards square, which had parted from all company with its kindred, and was bearing us on over the dark, maddened waters with fearful velocity. I dropped my face upon Mr. Forrester's shoulder, for I could not bear to look longer on the frightful probability which menaced us. A wild exclamation from his lips made me lift up my head, anxiously and inquiringly.

"I may be mistaken—but I think not. Will you look? perhaps your eyes may aid me. What, think you, is that dark line which shuts off the view not half a mile below us?"

I looked eagerly and wistfully, and my heart leaped with something akin to rapture. How strong a love of life is implanted in the breast of every human being!

"God be thanked!—it is land!—'tis Sandy Point! Will it save us?"

"My darling! it may be that the current will bear us without it, but I hope not. Let us be willing that God should do as he sees best!"

My hand found its way trustingly into his, and I said, "Yes, I am willing!"

Then we floated on; at one time we seemed to be going directly on the Point; at another, an adverse wind struck us, and we were borne far out—almost beyond hope itself. But at last, oh, joy! a faint breeze from the northwest came down—an angel of deliverance to us—and in a moment more, we were thrown with a violent shock upon the hard sand of the Point.

Mr. Forrester uttered no audible prayer of thanks, but he lifted his hands silently upward, and I knew that his soul went out to Heaven in one great oblation of gratitude.

The nearest dwelling was half a mile distant, but what was that to us, who bore new hope and life in our bosoms? He would carry me in his arms, (what a predicament for one who despised a man by the name of John!) and only relinquished his attendance when I was safe in the motherly care of Mrs. Smithson, the lady of the house.

The good lady put me in a warm bath, gave me dry clothes, a soft bed, and in fifteen minutes I was asleep, forgetting all the danger through which I had passed.

Mr. Forrester, they told me, did not lie down, but sat before the kitchen fire the remainder of the night, evidently wrapt in pleasant

meditations. And in my dreams we were together—ay, together, even as we had agreed to be through all our united lives!

Early the next morning, Mr. Smithson took us both into his sleigh, and we set off for Wheatwold. Never did the sun shine more gloriously; never was the sky bluer; never was my heart happier than when, glancing up at his face, I met the deep, earnest light which burnt like a watch-fire in his eyes.

We were received at home like those from the dead. My parents wept over me as their love lamb restored from shade-land, and my dear little brother Willie again ordered me to kiss the schoolmaster for bringing me back. This time I did not refuse.

But when we inquired for those who had been our companions in that fearful ride, a dark shade went over the faces of our friends. All had come safely to land, except one! Charley Raymond was lost—and his grave must be the waters of the lake! No trace of him, or of his horse, was ever afterward discovered, and we mourned for long months over his untimely death. Poor Charley! He had a good heart, and at the recollection of his many virtues, my tears, even now, gush forth.

* * * * *

Well, it all ended in a very common-place manner. I attended school the remainder of the term, and studied very hard to win the approbation of the teacher. Commend me for this!

Jennie and I went to Mr. Forrester one day, and confessed the overcoat plot, and very humbly and penitently asked his forgiveness. Need I say that it was given?

When June spread her carpet of flowers over the fields, I stood up one Sabbath morning in the old village church, and the gray-haired minister made me the wife of John L. Forrester. I am not obliged to call my husband John, for his middle name is Louis—a name I have always loved.

About a year ago, it came out that this Mr. Forrester did not burn the midnight oil (tallow candles) for nothing, all that long winter, in Mrs. Horn's spare chamber. He is now a world-renowned inventor, and the model, which won a patent at Washington, was conceived and fashioned in those hours when Wheatwold was asleep. Wealth has come in to him, and no longer does his invalid mother—*our* mother now—occupy a humble house, and subsist upon scanty food, but a handsome suite of rooms in our house is hers, and there are servants to do her slightest bidding.

Jessie Forrester is to be married next week to a member of Congress, and we are anticipating much pleasure from spending the coming winter at the capital.

I am very, very happy! I told Jennie Goddard so only yesterday; and she laughingly reminded me of our olden resolve to hate Mr. Forrester! Jennie married James Goddard two years since, and owns a bright, rosy-cheeked daughter, four months old, who rejoices in the name of Lizzie Forrester Goddard. Called after Louis and I both, Jennie says.

Goodness! who would have thought I should ever have married that terrible schoolmaster?

FASHIONABLE VULGARITY.

THERE is too much "wit" current now-a-days which has for its popularity a very weak basis—verbal trickery. "Sermons" are read with avidity, simply because an imaginary preacher is supposed to deliver them as would a thick-lipped uneducated negro, or because they bid defiance in vulgar smartness to orthodox rules of grammar and rhetoric; stories have "a great run" in the newspapers, not so much because they are good stories, as because they are written in mock-Yankee slang; anecdotes have a relish because the words are spelled to be pronounced as Irish brogue; and

verses are relished because "this" is written "dish," and "good" is written "goot," as a German would speak who was learning English pronunciation. We have but little patience with this verbal trickery. We detest it positively, as we do puns which are mere tricks of words, unless it has genuine wit to redeem it, and to be racy it requires keener wit, in our opinion, than proper English. Mechanical "wit" is one of the shams which we can heartily hate. Therefore, to us, a majority of the puns and conundrums which circulate in conversation and in the newspapers are detestable, and, we think, ought to be to everybody. Mrs. Partington may make an odd mistake in the use of a word, from an analogy of sound and an antithesis of meaning, which is ludicrous, and with a dash of wit, but the grotesqueness of the thing must be obvious and not too often repeated. It may be, as the children say, "funny," for a boy to reverse the order of words occasionally, and say, "waggage bagon" for "baggage wagon," or "tig whicket" for "whig ticket," but when a man or boy forms such a love for this kind of somersaulting that he is continually turning his words topsyturvy, he degenerates into a trickster who is to be shunned.

The buffoonery of the circus-ring, or the platform of Ethiopian minstrels, may afford appropriate occasion for stale jokes which have no wit, but when they are repeated in the social circle, may we not be there to hear. It is lamentable that some young ladies of respectable education, think it "smart" to interlard their conversation with "slang" which originates among the bad associations of the drinking-saloon. For the boys that love the pit of a theater, there is piquancy in the slang of a female character, representing the recklessness of low life; but even there it is reprehensible. How then must any approach to it, away from the stage, be regarded?

We often think there is a proclivity

among our people to be lawless in the use of language. Why should a well-educated man or woman persist in saying "them" for "those?" Why do we hear in genteel circles such phrases repeated again and again, as "he learned me" for "he taught me," "I expect he's wicked" for "I suspect he's wicked," "set down" for "sit down," "it lays yonder" for "it lies yonder," "I seen it" for "I saw it," "it was him" for "it was he," "he done it" for "he did it," etc., etc.

These vulgarisms are perpetrated through carelessness. The language ought to be purged of them in familiar conversation as well as in writing. People who would never write them, use them frequently when speaking. Parents should guard themselves and watch their children, and teach the correct use of words in a manner which would show them how the use of grammar they learn at school, ought to govern their language in conversation and writing.

An important caution which parents should exercise religiously, is the selection, so far as possible, of associates for their children. Ignorant and superstitious young men and women, who themselves must learn our language, may be fit guides for the footsteps of, but are never fit to give lessons in language to, American children. If they associate with them as hourly attendants, we must expect our children, without checks or guards, to speak the mother-tongue incorrectly.

Bacon said writing makes the correct man. Parents should give more heed to this fact. Every thing can not be learned at school: composition once a week is not all that is required. With a very little trouble, mothers may encourage their children to write about familiar things, and they will thereby learn the use of language as they may not otherwise learn it—at least, as they are not likely to learn it early in life, if such instruction be neglected.

Were there more encouragement

given to writing, and recitation, and narration, in families generally, there would be fewer men and women who, though they have had the advantages of good schools, can not prepare a handsome and pleasing letter; there would be less verbal trickery employed under the semblance of wit, and conversation would not be larded with vulgarisms, as often as it now is, by people who know better. W. T. C.

TWO WORLDS OF THE POET.

BY MARY RICHARDSON.

IN two worlds the poet dwelleth:
One, the never-changing Real,
With its dull and weary routine—
One, the beautiful Ideal,

Where the streamlets flow in measures,
Breathing soft, delicious rhyme—
Where the wild flowers blush and linger
Fadeless on the shores of time.

Myths, the green trees whisper to him
In a voice which thrills of love,
While the sky, all fair and glowing,
Smiles upon him from above.

And the birds of early spring-time
Greet him with a tender song,
Till, within the poet's bosom,
Echo doth the notes prolong.

And the gorgeous tints of autumn
Paint themselves upon his brain—
Oh! their richness gathers round him,
Nor can leave his heart again!

Forms of rare and matchless beauty
From the mystic land of dreams,
Float upon the wooing zephyr,
Come upon the soft moon-beams—

Come to lure the poet's spirit,
Woo it by their viewless art,
Till his soul yields to enchantment—
Till they live within his heart.

Thus the poet ever dwelleth
In two worlds: one is the Real,
With its dull and changeless routine—
One, the beautiful Ideal.

HOME.

HIS wee bit ingle, blinkin' bonnily,
His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty wife's
smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
And makes him quite forget his labor and
his toil. BURNS.

CORNELIA.

ONE thousand years have passed; the lapse of centuries carries us from Ithaca to Latium; we glide from mythology into history, citing Plutarch where we lately quoted Homer; our theme no longer the Greek Penelope, but the Roman Cornelia, Scipio Africanus her father, and the two Gracchi her sons.

Cornelia was the youngest of the four children of Scipio Africanus the Elder and Emilia his wife. She was born one hundred and eighty-nine years before Christ. No details have reached us of her early life; we are briefly informed that upon the death of Scipio, the friends of the family, in selecting a husband for the peerless Cornelia, fixed their choice upon Tiberius Sempronius Gracchus, a tribune of the people, and until lately an enemy of Africanus. He had, however, in the crisis of Scipio's fortunes, separated himself from his colleagues, and forgetting his private resentment, made a vigorous and, as the event proved, successful effort in behalf of his political foe. This graceful and honorable act was rewarded by the hand of Cornelia, and the marriage took place one hundred and sixty-nine years before Christ, the bride being in her twentieth year.

The union was a happy one, and Cornelia was twelve times a mother. Tiberius was once honored with the censorship, and twice with the consulate. The care of the household and the education of the family devolved wholly upon Cornelia, and she acquitted herself of the duties in a manner which has elicited the admiration of the world. She maintained in herself and transmitted to her sons the grand and severe virtues of her father. She had inherited from Scipio a love for the arts and for literature, and her letters, which were extant in the time of Quintilian—two hundred years afterward—were often cited with praise by him and by Cicero.

It has been intimated by the French

historian Rollin, that Cornelia did not bear her honors meekly, and that she placed an undue estimate upon herself and her family. He cites a passage from Juvenal as his authority for this opinion. But it is apparent from the text, that the satirist intended no such insinuation:

*"Malo Venusinam quam te, Cornelia, mater
Gracchorum, si, cum magnis virtutibus, affers
Grande supercilium, et numeras in dote triumphos,"*

The meaning evidently is, that he would prefer a Venusian village girl to Cornelia, if, with her transcendent virtues, the mother of the Gracchi brought a supercilious brow and boastful tongue. Dryden's paraphrase clearly shows that Juvenal's lines are not to be understood in a reproachful sense:

*"Some country girl, scarce to a courtsey bred,
Would I much rather than Cornelia wed,
If, supercilious, haughty, proud, and vain,
She fraught her father's triumphs in her train."*

Cornelia's happiness was now violently interrupted. Tiberius, according to a legend which Cicero and Plutarch think not unworthy of record, found, on awaking one morning, a pair of serpents upon his bed. He narrated the circumstance to the soothsayers, asking their interpretation of the prodigy. They considered the matter, and finally reported as follows: The serpents were, in their opinion, prophetic, and their appearance together could not be regarded in any other light than that of an omen. If Tiberius killed the male, his death, they said, would be the consequence: if he killed the female, he would lose his wife Cornelia. With that peculiar obtuseness which seems to be a besetting and inevitable weakness in the minds of those consulting oracles or interpreting omens, Tiberius did not perceive the possibility of releasing both the serpents and of killing neither—thus preserving the life of his wife without sacrificing his own. Convinced, however, of the existence of a dilemma, and believing that an alternative alone was left him, he thought within himself that he was much older than

Cornelia, and consequently, in the order of nature, nearer the close of his career; he reflected that the children had more need of their mother by whom they had been reared, than of their father whom they rarely saw, and concluded that it was more suitable for him to die than for her. He therefore killed the male serpent, and soon after perished, leaving his twelve sons and daughters to the care of Cornelia.

Though deeply bowed by this affliction, the widow gave her whole soul to the augmented duties which now devolved upon her. In her prosperity, she had excited admiration; in her adversity, she won the love and respect of the nation. All who knew her acknowledged that Tiberius had acted wisely in choosing to die for so excellent a woman. During her widowhood she lost nine children by successive bereavements, devoting herself, however, with increased assiduity to the instruction of those who remained. She was left, at last, with one daughter, Sempronia, and two sons, Tiberius and Caius. She seems to have concentrated upon these two boys the tenderness which she had before shared with their brothers, and to have bestowed upon the culture of their minds the most affectionate care; so that, although they possessed all the advantages of an illustrious birth and name, and were endowed with the happiest gifts of genius and disposition, education was allowed to have contributed more to their perfections than nature.

The historians of Rome have given undue importance to Cornelia's refusal of a crown, which one of the Ptolemies of Egypt offered her, together with his hand and a seat upon his throne. The offer was not one which she would have been likely to accept, as the king who made it—and who can have been no other than Ptolemy Physco—was in every way unworthy of her. He was one of the most brutal tyrants mentioned in history; his body was so swollen and bloated by intemperance, that he was unable to

walk, and never appeared before his subjects, unless mounted upon a chariot and supported by trusses and other ingenious devices. Cornelia must be supposed to have been fully acquainted with his infirmities, as Publius Scipio, afterward known as Africanus the Younger, and the husband of her daughter Sempronia, had been sent by the Romans upon an embassy to Alexandria, where he had dined in the palace of the king, and had been a daily witness of his excesses. It is attributing an unreasonable influence to royal grandeur, to imagine it capable of perverting the judgment of a woman like Cornelia, or to suppose her to have exercised self-denial in declining the proffered honor.

The reply of Cornelia to a wealthy lady of Campania, who requested to see her jewels, is the most memorable incident in her career. Adroitly turning the conversation upon subjects likely to interest and detain her visitor, till Tiberius and Caius came home from school, she said, as they entered the room, "These are my jewels!" Probably no character was ever so clearly drawn in so few words; no delineation can possibly add to it; if nothing were known of Cornelia but this one speech, the historian would still find it a sufficient basis upon which to construct the whole character. The three obscure lines in which Valerius Maximus narrates the anecdote, introducing it merely as an incidental illustration of his subject in his discourse *De Paupertate*, have probably been as often translated, as widely repeated, and as deeply reflected upon, as any other three which have been left us by the writers of antiquity.

There was a difference of nine years in the ages of Tiberius and Caius; they attained their political ascendancy, therefore, at different periods. Had they flourished together and acted in concert, their power would doubtless have been irresistible. Their separation in time was a serious disadvantage, and probably prevented their

success. Tiberius enjoyed a high reputation for virtue, sobriety, temperance, at an age when youth is looked upon as an excuse, or at least a palliation, for idleness and vice. He was admitted to the college of Augurs, as a compliment to his character rather than in recognition of his birth. An anecdote of the period shows in what esteem he was held, and what fruits the careful nurture of his mother had already borne:

Appius Claudius, who had been both censor and consul, and whose honorable discharge of his duties had since raised him to the rank of President of the Senate, was one evening taking supper with the Augurs; he conversed a long time with Tiberius, and toward the end of the entertainment, offered him his daughter Claudia in marriage. Tiberius, who must be presumed to have been acquainted with the lady, accepted the proposal with joy and alacrity. Appius went immediately home to communicate the tidings to his wife. "Antistia, my love," he said, on entering the house, "I have contracted our daughter Claudia." Antistia, surprised and perhaps vexed at her husband's omission to consult her upon so momentous a subject, exclaimed, "Why so suddenly? I can not conceive why you should act thus hastily, unless, indeed, Tiberius Gracchus be the man you have pitched upon!" The worthy matron was doubtless conciliated by the reply that it was no other than Tiberius—a choice which neither required reflection on the part of the mother, nor involved hesitation on that of the daughter.

Cornelia had, in the mean time, married her only daughter, Sempronia, to Publius Æmilianus, who bore, at a later period, the title of Scipio Africanus the Younger, obtaining that of Scipio by adoption into the family, and that of Africanus by the destruction of Carthage. Tiberius served for a time under him in Africa, and dwelt beneath the same tent. He excelled all of his age in valor, at the same

time bearing himself with such modesty that none of his rivals could take offence. He was beloved by the whole army, and universally regretted when he quitted it.

Scipio's glory and popularity being continually upon the increase, a portion of his fame was reflected upon the family which had adopted him. Cornelia, the daughter of one Scipio, heard herself styled, in eulogistic phrase, the mother-in-law of another. Her maternal pride was wounded at the reflection that the glory of the father had not been perpetuated in her sons, but had been diverted into another line, and she reproached Tiberius and Caius that she was called the mother-in-law of Scipio, not the mother of the Gracchi. Whether to this reproach is to be attributed the rashness and indiscretion of her sons, in their zeal to achieve a hasty fame, it would be impossible now to decide; historians have generally chosen to trace a connection between the dissatisfaction of Cornelia and the turbulent measures which at once marked her sons' accession to power and precipitated their fall.

Upon the appointment of Tiberius to the office of tribune of the people, he embarked in an enterprise, having for its object the restoration to the poor of their share in the public lands. It had formerly been the custom of the Romans, when they acquired land by conquest from their neighbors, to add a part of it to the national domains, and to let the remainder, at low rates, to necessitous citizens. But this custom had of late fallen into disuse, the rich having obtained a voice in public affairs which enabled them to exclude the poor, except upon the payment of exorbitant sums. The consequence was the ruin of the agricultural classes, and a dearth, even in the rich grazing districts of Tuscany, of husbandmen and shepherds. The land they should have tilled, was occupied by foreign slaves and barbarians, who, after the natives were dispossessed, cultivated it for the rich.

Tiberius, inflamed by the people's enthusiasm in his behalf, by the writings which they posted on the public monuments, walls, and porticoes, urging him to action, drew up the bill which was to relieve them. It was simply a revival of the Lex Licinia, which prohibited any one from possessing more than five hundred acres of land. Its provisions were mild in the extreme; those who had accumulated more land than was permitted, receiving indemnity on giving up their claims, instead of incurring punishment for their infringement of the law. The people were content that no reprisals should be taken for the past, if they might be protected against future usurpations.

The rich, and a large majority of the senate, resisted the passage of the law. They induced Tiberius' colleague in the tribuneship to oppose it. Tiberius plead daily for the poor, upon the rostrum, in persuasive language. "The wild beasts of Italy," he said, "have their caves to retire to, but the brave men who spill their blood in her cause, have nothing left but air and light. Without houses, without any settled habitation, they wander from place to place with their wives and children; and their generals do but mock them, when at the head of their armies, they exhort their men to fight for their sepulchers and domestic gods; for among the whole vast number, there is not, perhaps, a Roman who has an altar that belonged to his ancestors, or a sepulcher in which their ashes rest."

Incensed by the opposition of his colleague Octavius, Tiberius dropped the moderate bill which he had hitherto urged, and proposed another, more severe upon the rich, inasmuch as it required them immediately to abandon the lands which they held in defiance of the unrepealed, though unenforced, Licinian law. He forbade all other magistrates to exercise their functions till the agrarian laws were passed. He put his own seal upon the doors of the Temple of Saturn,

thus suspending the operations of the public treasury. All the departments of the government were at once brought to a stand. The rich dressed in mourning, that they might excite the compassion of the public; failing in this, they suborned assassins, and plotted the murder of Tiberius.

The latter now resolved to remove Octavius from the tribuneship; it was evident the law could not otherwise be passed. He first addressed him in public, taking him by the hand, and conjuring him to satisfy the legitimate demands of the people. Octavius refused to comply. Tiberius then said it was evident that one of them must be deposed, and suggested that Octavius propose his—Tiberius'—removal to the thirty-five tribes of voters; promising to retire from office, if his fellow-citizens so willed it. Octavius refused; whereupon Tiberius proposed the removal of his colleague. When eighteen of the thirty-five tribes had voted for his expulsion, Tiberius ordered him to be dragged from the tribunal. He filled the vacancy by appointing one Mutius, a man of little note; the agrarian law was then passed; three commissioners were selected to survey the lands in dispute, and to superintend their distribution.

The senate and the patricians were deeply exasperated by these proceedings, while the people were no less indignant at the senate's dissatisfaction. One of the friends of Tiberius died suddenly, and malignant spots appeared upon the body, suggesting the presence of poison. This suspicion was confirmed by what occurred at the burning of the corpse. It burst, and emitted such a quantity of vapor and corruption, that it extinguished the fire. Fresh wood was brought, but it was with difficulty that the body was consumed. Upon this, Tiberius put on mourning, and leading his children to the forum, commended them and their mother to the protection of the people—thus intimating that he gave up his own life for lost.

At this juncture, Attalus, king of Pergamus, died, constituting the Roman people his sole heir. Tiberius, seeking to avail himself of this incident, proposed that all the money found in the treasury of Attalus, should be distributed among the people, to enable them to purchase tools with which to cultivate the lands lately assigned them. This still further offended the senate, and one of that body accused Tiberius of aspiring to the title of king; and even asserted that the messenger from Pergamus had brought him the diadem of Attalus, for his use when seated upon the throne. Stung by this unjust charge, Tiberius resolved to lower still further the pride and authority of the senate: he prepared and proposed several laws in this view. The people assembled in the capitol, and Tiberius, though much discouraged by a dream and an omen, which seemed to forebode disaster, set forward to join them. On his arrival, the people expressed their joy in acclamations, forming a circle about him to protect him from rough treatment. He was secretly informed that the senators and others of the landed interest had resolved upon his assassination, and for that purpose had armed themselves, their friends, and slaves. Tiberius and his adherents tucked up their gowns and prepared for combat. Their friends, at a distance, not understanding the nature of this movement, asked what it meant. Tiberius lifted his hands to his head, to indicate that his life was in danger. His adversaries, interpreting this gesture to suit their own purposes, ran to the senate, announcing that he had demanded the crown. The senators, headed by one Nasica, and armed with the clubs and bludgeons which their servants had brought, made toward Tiberius, felling those who stood in their way. His friends being either killed or dispersed, Tiberius fled, but in his flight, stumbled over the prostrate body of one of his party. Upon attempting

to rise, he was struck by Publius Satureius with the leg of a chair; the second and fatal blow was dealt by Lucius Rufus, who afterward publicly boasted of the exploit. Three hundred persons perished in this sedition, the first in which Roman blood had been shed since the expulsion of Tarquin.

This digression, involving the fate of Tiberius, is essential to our story, showing, as it does, under what circumstances Cornelia was called upon to part with her tenth child, and the eldest of those whom she had styled her jewels. She claimed the body of her son, sending Caius to entreat the senators that it might be secretly taken away and buried in the night. They refused the request, ordering the corpse to be thrown into the Tiber, with the carcasses of the three hundred traitors who had fallen in his cause. The mother bore the dispensation with a magnanimity which endeared her more than ever to the people; and upon the accession to the tribunate of her last son, Caius, they erected a statue to her, with this inscription:

CORNELIA, THE MOTHER OF THE GRACCHI.

Among the laws which Caius, as tribune, caused to be passed for the benefit of the people, was one regulating the markets and the price of breadstuffs; another, relative to a distribution of public lands; and still another, depriving the senatorial order of the judicial authority, and investing the equestrian order with it exclusively. As the people empowered him to select the three hundred judges himself, he became, in a manner, possessed of the sovereign power. He sent out colonies, constructed roads, and built public granaries. He went about, followed by throngs of architects, artificers, ambassadors, magistrates, and officers. The senators, who both hated and feared him, could not refrain from admiring his amazing industry, and the energy and rapidity with which he effected his reforms.

The senate having decided upon the rebuilding of Carthage, which had been lately destroyed by Scipio, Caius sailed to superintend the labor of reconstruction and colonization. During his absence, his colleague, Livius Drusus, who was in league with the senate to weaken his hold upon the people, made such concessions to the multitude, taking pains to assure them that they came from the senate, that Caius, informed of the scheme and of its probable success, returned hastily from Africa. But the people, cloyed with indulgence, welcomed him with diminished favor, and it was obvious that his influence was already upon the decline.

Lucius Opimius was now elected consul, and in his hatred of Caius, set about repealing several of his laws and annulling his measures at Carthage, hoping by these annoyances to incite him to some act of violence which would justify a sentence of banishment. He bore this treatment for a long time with patience, but at last, irritated beyond endurance, he collected his partisans, and prepared for resistance. It is asserted that Cornelia encouraged him in this course, and even enrolled a large number of men and sent them into Rome in the disguise of reapers. Her letters which, as we have said, were extant two hundred years after her death, are said to have contained enigmatical allusions to this circumstance. Both parties posted themselves in the capitol on the morning of the day in which the vote was to be taken upon the repeal of Caius' laws. An accidental collision resulted in the death of a lictor, Quintus Antyllus, whose insolent conduct, however, at such a period of excitement, furnished a sufficient motive for his destruction. Caius deeply regretted the occurrence, being well aware that he had given his enemies the pretext they desired. Opimius rejoiced at the opportunity, and foresaw an easy triumph. A heavy rain kept the combatants for a time apart; Caius, as he returned home, stopped

before his father's statue, giving vent to his sorrow in sighs and tears. Many of the people, moved to compassion, accompanied him to his house and passed the night before his door, keeping watch and taking rest by turns.

His partisans assembled the next morning upon the Aventine Hill, under the command of one Fulvius, a man of factious life, and for several just reasons, offensive to the senate. Caius was present in his toga, and unarmed, except with a small dagger. An ambassador was sent to Opimius in the forum, proposing terms of accommodation. He returned with the answer that criminals could not be allowed to treat by heralds, but should surrender themselves to justice before they interceded for mercy. The same herald was sent a second time, but as he made proposals in all respects identical with the first, he was detained. Opimius now offered pardon to all who should abandon Gracchus; the unhappy tribune was gradually deserted by his forces till he was left defenseless and at the mercy of the consul. Opimius led his men to the Aventine, and fell upon the remnant of the disaffected army with ungovernable fury. Three thousand Roman citizens were slain upon the spot. Caius took refuge with a single servant in a grove sacred to the Furies; the servant, yielding to his master's entreaties, pierced him with his sword, and then killed himself at his side. The enemy came up, and having cut off the head of Gracchus, marched off with it as a trophy. Opimius had offered a reward for his head; the sum to be paid was to depend upon its weight. Septimuleius, one of Caius' bosom friends, having obtained possession of it and carried it home, removed the brains, pouring melted lead into the cavity. The consul, without testifying surprise at the unusual weight, a circumstance which was hardly to be looked for even in a son of Cornelia, paid the stipulated sum in gold—seventeen pounds by the

scales. With Caius Gracchus perished the freedom of Rome. The Republic had long been verging to its fall; one century more, and Augustus Cæsar mounted the imperial throne.

By the death of Caius, Cornelia became virtually childless; her only surviving daughter, Sempronia, being, to a certain extent, alienated by the disapproval, openly expressed by her husband Africanus, of the measures which had brought ruin upon her brothers. She took up her residence at Misenum, upon a promontory overlooking the lovely expanse of water now known as the bay of Naples. She made no change in her mode of life, keeping her house always open, and her table always ready for purposes of hospitality. The kings in alliance with Rome expressed their regard by the frequent offer of presents. She was surrounded by men of letters, in whose society she was glad to pass her declining years. The afflictions and bereavements which she had suffered, so far from being forbidden themes, were the subjects upon which she best loved to converse. She often spoke of her father Africanus, delighting her listeners by descriptions of his private life and his domestic virtues. It was he, she said, who first uttered the sentiment that he was never so much occupied as when he had nothing to do, and never in such good company as when left to himself. She spoke of her sons without a sigh or a tear; they had been killed on consecrated ground, and the spots upon which they fell were monuments worthy of them. She recounted their actions and their martyrdom, as if they had been heroes in ancient story. Her magnanimity and resignation passed with many for insensibility and indifference; they imagined, says Plutarch, that age and the magnitude of her misfortunes had deprived her of understanding. But he adds, those who were of that opinion seem rather to have wanted understanding themselves; since they knew not how much a noble mind may, by a liberal education, be en-

abled to sustain itself against distress.

Though two thousand years have passed since the occurrence of these events, the student of classic history can hardly recur, in thought, to this second period of the Roman annals, without, as it were, involuntarily recalling to mind, as types of its virtues and witnesses to its greatness, the members of the illustrious family whose fortunes we have sketched—Scipio, Cornelia, and the Gracchi.

LITTLE LUCY.

BY ALICE CARY.

SHE took up life as easily
As if it were not new,—
Reach'd for the sunshine on the grass,
And dabbled in the dew:

And grew acquainted with the rose
When Spring had trimm'd her bowers,
As if she came to dwell with us,
From out a world of flowers.

She thought that by an unseen hand
The little birds were fed,
And that her blind lamb tenderly
Along his path was led.

She smiled at nightfall, and she smiled
To see the storm astir:
As if within her father's house
No harm could come to her.

She only learn'd the names of things
The brightest and most sweet,
For ere she stay'd here long enough
The lesson to complete,

Death kiss'd her eyelids, and she fell
Asleep without a fear,
Trusting our love to keep her safe
Till morn should reappear.

THY WILL BE DONE.

THY will be done! In devious way
The hurrying stream of life may run;
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say,
Thy will be done!

Thy will be done! If o'er us shine
A gladdening and a prosperous sun,
This prayer will make it more divine—
Thy will be done!

Thy will be done! Though shrouded o'er
Our path with gloom, one comfort—one
Is ours—to breathe, while we adore,
Thy will be done!

THE WRONG RIGHTED; OR, THE OLD HEART AND THE NEW.

BY METTA VICTORIA VICTOR.

CHAPTER VI.

"O Death! I've sought thee far and long—
Wilt thou not come to me?
Sweet as the mother's cradle-song
Thy welcome voice will be."

"Nay, thou must bide thy destined time.
Why weariest thou of life?
Art thou all stain'd with unknown crime,
Or vex'd with worldly strife?"

"No crime is on my soul, though sin
Walks hand in hand with good;
But all without me and within
Doth justify my mood.
Thou hast for me no vague alarms—
I seek thee with delight,
As love doth seek for beauty's arms
To cradle him at night.
If life is cruel, false, and fierce—
Vexatious, dull, and base—
Why should I not the future pierce,
And meet thee, face to face?"

"With life being thus dissatisfied,
And mock'd by things which are,
How durst thou venture the untried
And unknown things to bear?"

"Because, be there a God of love,
Whose will runs not amiss,
There is no realm below, above,
More desperate than this!
My heart was like the violet meek,
Which smiles on earth and sky—
Now, no old statue of the Greek
Can be more cold than I.
Truths, bitterer far than lies, there are,
And lies are bitter, too;—
Oh, take me, Death, and bear me far,—
I am not afraid of you!"

"Perchance thine eyes are charm'd with weeds
Which blind with pride and hate,
Exaggerating evil deeds
And dwarfing man's estate."

"Once, when my heart ran o'er, like rain
From roses fresh and young,
I bless'd the hand which gave me pain
And kiss'd the lips which stung.
But I have seen such hopeless wrong
Irreconciled with right,
Why should I useless years prolong,
Since Faith withdraws her light?"

"As summer more resplendent beams
After tempestuous days,
So Faith in sunny splendor streams
Through Doubt's dissolving haze.
Go to! thou know'st not to endure!
But thou shalt live and learn!
And when again I pass, be sure
Thou'lt seek not my return."

AS time passed by, it became evident to Mr. Livingstone that he should not be able to raise the sum he had hoped, especially as his enemy was exceedingly suspicious, and had learned by means of underhanded inquiries, of his attempts to dispose of his valuable horses and carriage. No

sooner had Mr. Reynard ascertained this to his satisfaction, than he began to insist upon the fulfilment of the contract. "Miss Martha was in the possession of her senses, and could marry him as well now as any other time. He shouldn't seek to claim her, nor take her away from home till she was able to go. But he wanted the thing done. 'There was many a slip 'twixt the cup and lip;' and he didn't like the way things was going on. He was not the man to be bamboozled." So he avowed himself, and so stood prepared to act, with all that dogged pertinacity which his physiognomy predicted. The banker felt as if he had sold himself to the devil. Undecided, and tormented upon every side, he knew not which way to turn. To add to his indecision, his wife complained of the ruin and want he had brought upon her; of her inability to support her proper station in society without jewels or carriage; of the dread she had of avowing to her friends the necessity of their "coming down," even if no whisper of reproach was heard against their good name. She thought Martha ought to be willing to sacrifice some of the romantic fancies of youth, rather than permit such misfortune to the parents who had made so much of her. She was afraid her child was ungrateful. Jacob Reynard was almost an old man, and might die in a very few years, leaving her a wealthy widow, with only her own tastes to consult. Ah! worldly-minded mother! death "hath all seasons for his own," and the fair flower may be cut down before the withered fig-tree. A wife who is really a friend and adviser, strong and faithful in the hour of need, her price is indeed beyond rubies; but the extravagant woman forever urging on to fresh display, making fashion her standard of

happiness, and having only the gall of reproach and the wormwood of sarcasm in time of trouble—what but a wrong impetus can she give at the moment when her hand touches the balance?

Martha saw the turn affairs were taking; and when her mother came one morning, with soft voice and exceeding tenderness, to inquire if she felt better, if her mind was any easier, if she felt any more reconciled to the idea of her marriage than she had done—she knew what was expected of her. When her father made her his brief visit before going out to the business of the day, her eyes asked him more than her lips; but he avoided her questioning, and retired with a brow of gloom. That very afternoon there was a knock at her door, and Mr. Reynard entered before the usual hour of his call. His face was flushed and angry. Martha could see that his hands trembled with repressed excitement; he motioned her attendant to leave the room, and ask Mrs. Livingstone to take her place. The moment she disappeared, he began in a determined tone:

"There's to be no more fooling, Martha Livingstone. I don't want to harm you nor alarm you, but I'm not going to delay, when delays are dangerous. You said you'd marry me, if I would spare your father. I did spare him, and brought him back here when he was flying from his country in disgrace. He's taking advantage of this little sick spell of yours to make different arrangements, and I expect you know all about it. Now I'll be blown if I'll put up with it. I shall bring a clergyman with me at eight this evening. So you may summon who you please to witness the ceremony. I shall give you a reasonable period to recover your health, before I ask you to leave your home, but I'm bound to see the dockyments signed. That's all I have to say, my dear, so put a little pink into your cheeks, and be ready." He chuckled her under the chin with a

grim smile, as he said this, and turned to leave, when meeting Mrs. Livingstone at the threshold, he added, "We're to be married at eight this evening. It's all arranged between Martha and me, and now I'm off to invite my father-in-law to the wedding."

"Is it all arranged?" asked her mother, as he went out. Martha bowed her head, without speaking. "Well, my love, maybe it's all for the best. 'Man proposes, but God disposes;' blessings often come out of our trials."

"What time is it mother? Three o'clock? Perhaps I could sleep a little, if I were left alone for an hour or two."

"That's bravely said, my dear. I admire your composure; it's so much better for you than to be so hysterical. When will you have your tea—at seven?" Mrs. Livingstone affectionately kissed the pure brow of her daughter, dropping a tear upon it as she did so.

Martha's composure was of a dangerous kind. When her mother left the room, she shut her eyes, and lay for a few moments with her hands pressed over the lids. She was resolved upon suicide. When Mr. Reynard chuckled her under the chin with that disagreeable smile, her maiden soul revolted—he grew to her more intensely abhorrent than he had been before.

"Our lives are not in our own hands, it is true. But if it be a sin to take my life in my hands, it is a larger, more fearful sin to take a vow which I must break a million times a day, year after year. I have not the strength to meet the scene which I shall evoke by refusing him at this late moment—the reproaches of my mother, the ruin of my father. O God, forgive me, for I hardly know what I do!"

Arising, she stole with flurried steps to the case of medicines which was in her room. She looked for a vial of laudanum which she thought

was there—a servant had taken it away to relieve an aching tooth the previous evening. Well! there was chloroform enough to put her into that sleep from which there is no earthly awakening—to send her to “that country from whose undiscovered bourne no traveler returns.” She regained her pillow with the bottle grasped tight in her hand.

In that involuntary pause which comes before the commission of so eventful an act as the one she contemplated, suddenly there fell upon her ear a voice. As sentences spoken in long-past years come back to the memory of the drowning, the words were uttered in her ear, and at first she supposed that they were actually breathed by some superhuman spirit at her side, but afterward convinced herself it was her own mind speaking to itself: “Then said his wife unto him, ‘Dost thou still retain thine integrity? Curse God, and die.’ But he said unto her, ‘Thou speakest as one of the foolish women speaketh. What! shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?’” In all this did not Job sin with his lips.”

Nothing but good had Martha received at the hand of the Lord all her life, and now at the first heavy pressure of the chastening hand, she had sinned with her lips—she was ready to curse God and die. A vision of Job and his immortal sufferings, borne with such sublimity of patience, and rewarded with such an exceeding great reward of glory, arose and filled her mind. She saw the patriarch, clothed in sackcloth and ashes, sitting apart in his desolation, with that pathetic grandeur which must have illuminated his suffering face; and he lifted his wasted hand, laying it upon her head, and whispering, “Child, child, canst thou not endure even for a day?”

With an effort, quickly, as if afraid that temptation would yet overcome her, she threw the vial across the room, turning her face away from the light,

burying it in the pillow. Prayer was in her heart, and she prayed as she had never before done. She prayed, not selfishly for happiness, but earnestly for light to see her way clearly, to choose aright, however rough and narrow, might be the path. She no longer desired the bitter cup to pass from her, but only to know which burden she was called upon to bear. After two hours of the severest self-communion, she was certain that she saw her duty plainly; to refuse to take upon herself false vows, and contaminate the finest essence of her nature by binding herself in the close and relations of marriage to an impure depraved man whom her heart abhorred. She felt the full force of her obligation to her parents, but retained the divine right to the disposal of her affections. She felt that it could not be her duty to falsify herself to protect them from the consequences of their imprudence. If her father had sinned, he must expiate his sin—not call upon her to bear the burden of his misdoing, and cover it up with further error. She pitied him with a divine compassion. But while she pitied, she felt that real mercy to him was to be true to herself; to help him, by showing him humility and a willingness to bear the consequences of evil. Weak indulgence and not earnest love would prompt to a covering up of faults and a return of the good things he had forfeited. She would cheerfully help him to bear his load of shame until humility and expiation had changed it into a covering of brightness. Her mother, too—she would uphold her by her own humble example, help her to learn self-denial—that it is better to be free and poor, than rich and enthralled.

A severe struggle was before her, and she had but little strength to pass through the mental excitement of the trial, but she prayed fervently for aid from above.

CHAPTER VII.

"All things are sold : the very light of heaven
Is venal ; earth's unsparing gifts of love,
The smallest and most despicable things
That lurk in the abysses of the deep,
All objects of our life, even life itself,
And the poor pittance which the law allows
Of liberty, the fellowship of man,
Those duties which his heart of human love
Should urge him to perform instinctively,
Are bought and sold as in a public mart.
Even love is sold ; the solace of all woe
Is turned to deadliest agony, old age
Shivers in selfish beauty's loathing arms.

SHELLEY.

EIGHT o'clock struck, and the family gathered in Martha's chamber. She had been helped up and partially dressed by her waiting-maid, and was sitting in an arm-chair, wrapped in a *robe-de-chambre* of azure silk, which made her pale face look yet more delicate in hue. Her hair was twisted up carelessly at the back of her head, and her hands, grown somewhat transparent by sickness, were folded in her lap ; her eyes were closed. Mr. Reynard and the clergyman entered the room ; a slight quiver passed over her eyelids as she heard their voices, but she did not make an effort to welcome them.

"You'd better give her a glass of wine. It's but a few words to be said, and then it'll be over, and she can rest as much as she pleases," said the bridegroom to Mrs. Livingstone, who was vainly endeavoring to receive the minister with her usual superb ease.

"Those few words will never be said by me to you," spoke Martha in a low but untremulous voice, pressing her hands hard together, while her clear eyes fixed themselves firmly upon Mr. Reynard's face.

"What's this ? more fooling ?" and her father turned sharply upon her.

He had never spoken to her in this manner before, and it was now the impulse of a troubled, half-maddened temper which had been hunted until it suddenly stood at bay.

The intended bridegroom saw in the eyes that met his, clearly, as soul to soul, that she meant all she said ; and he, as well as all others, was amazed by the light, and color, and

courage which shone out upon her countenance, a moment ago so lifeless.

"Yes, more fooling, Mr. Livingstone, and I swear it is the last ! I've been bamboozled long enough by a chit of a girl. Go on with the ceremony, minister."

"How can I, if the lady objects—"

"She does not object—she dare not—or—" here Jacob Reynard forgot the place and occasion far enough to utter an oath. "I will see that she repents. She promised, of her own free will, to marry me, and this is the second time she has got me up here to make me ridiculous. Go on, I say."

"Mr. Reynard, I have had good and sufficient reason for breaking a promise which was extorted from me. I shall never keep it. I would rather bear all the consequences of your malice which I doubt not will be severe enough. But God has given me strength to take this resolution. He is my protector."

He looked a moment into the beautiful face shining with firm faith, as the wolf looks after the lamb escaped from its clutches, then whirling on his heel, and facing the few persons present, he burst forth :

"Know then, all, who it is who refuses the hand of the man who would have saved her—the daughter of a defaulter, whose name to-morrow—"

"Martha, Martha, will you ruin us ?" broke in her mother, almost with a shriek, as she laid hold of Mr. Reynard's arm to silence him. "She is sick, and full of freaks. I know what she wishes," and forcibly she seized her daughter's hand and placed it in the fierce grip of the lover. "Proceed with the ceremony, Mr. Brainley ; I authorize you to do so."

The clergyman opened his book ; the girl could no more release her hand from the savage grasp upon it, than she could move a mountain. All was silent, except the voice of the minister, who began the solemn words of the marriage service. It went on—what could she do, but remain

quiet until the final moment came when she could refuse to take this man for her lawful wedded husband.

"If any one can show just cause why these two shall not be joined together in the holy bonds of matrimony, let him now speak, or forever after hold his peace."

Scarcely were the words spoken, before a ringing voice replied, "*I forbid the banns!*"

All turned to look at the speaker, and saw with surprise that it was a sewing-girl who had made Martha's traveling-dress, and had been doing sewing at the house, much of the time, for the past month. Asked in by the nurse, who passed through the room where she was plying her needle, she had remained standing an unobserved observer of the scene. Rachel never struck an attitude of simpler grandeur than she had unconsciously taken. Her thin person was raised to its full height; her eyes flashed with a light as of a burning brain within. Not tall, her form yet grew into majesty, as, poising herself, with her slender arm pointing to heaven, she cried again, "*I forbid the unholy banns—humanity forbids them—the God that is in heaven forbids them!*" The room was stilled to the hush of death; all felt that a fearful power was there. Reynard drew back, amazed beyond the power of utterance: with all his brutal force of character, he was yet a moral coward, superstitious and timid in the presence of an apparition like that before him. "In the name of God, whose mercies and judgments are over all, I forbid this unholy ceremony! What would you do? Sacrifice a human heart—send a human soul to dungeons of despair—wreck happiness forever? Away with you, minister, *not* of Christ, but of the world!" she cried, advancing to the center of the floor, while all present shrank away to the wall, awed and stricken by the fierce power of her presence. "You would violate the sanctity of your office by binding this helpless woman

to a man she loathes. A rich fee is to be your reward—ay, *gold*. Judas sold Christ—why not you this poor, helpless, pure-hearted girl to a life-long crucifixion? Away with your cant and hypocrisy, lest your tongue should be blasted forever!" It was as if an Angel of Retribution had dropped into the room. The minister answered not a word—his tongue refused to do its office.

"By all the truth of virtue, by the strength which Christ gives to the weak, by the hate which comes from wrong, I pronounce you, sir, a scoundrel!" she exclaimed, advancing a step toward Reynard, pointing her finger at him. He shrank still further away, clutching convulsively the back of a chair. "I have lived to learn precious lessons from bitter experiences, and if there is justice in heaven, I would call it down upon the man whose gold buys immunity for outrage upon female helplessness. O Mary, mother of Christ, hear me; and if there is mercy at thy throne, leave thy wronged children not alone with the destroyer!" was said with upturned eyes and clasped hands, while tears streamed down over the face beaming with its unearthly pallor. Mrs. Livingstone sank sobbing into a chair; Mr. Livingstone, trembling in every limb, gazed with a kind of terror upon the girl; Reynard grew as white as death, before the speaker's burning eyes, and turned to the minister a look of imploration; Martha sat up, leaned forward; her eyes were distended; her face gleamed with the conscious strength of her womanhood which all went out in worship of that strange guest of the chamber. You might have heard the heart-throbs in the silence of that moment.

"When will this mockery be done—these human sacrifices be past?" she continued, with the air of an oracle. "Never, so long as gold demands them. *Gold!* Ah! it is more powerful than truth, or goodness, or love, for all these fall before it as the

flowers are washed down by the flood. Man, that was made in the image of his Creator, has become the hared thing of angels for his worship of gold. Who are you that has dared to cross the threshold of this quiet chamber, to disturb its peace, to agonize its hearts, to blast its earthly hopes? A man of gold—a man of gold!” she cried, with ineffable scorn depicted upon every feature. “The angels of heaven turn away from *such* a man, but the demons of hell are your friends—*your friends*, I say. But think not, sir, because you have a heart as relentless as that of a savage, that you shall go conquering on your way over ruined hearts and sorrowing hearth-stones: so sure as there is an Avenging Power, shall you meet with retributive justice.”

Then turning upon Mrs. Livingstone, whose sobs were incessant and loud, she continued, “Mrs. Livingstone, it is such as you who bring sorrow upon our sex, and ruin upon your household. For *position* you would have placed your lamb upon the altar of unholy desire—for *position* you have lived beyond your husband’s means, and thus placed him in the power of that man of gold; what ought to be your reward? You are a professing Christian, but where has been the loving consideration for which a follower of Christ should be proud to own? Who has been the better or happier for you? I am poor, have labored eighteen hours a day for a mere pittance of bread, and have complained that my days were too many. Once I tasted the sweets of luxury, now her gray hair and sorrow and denial. I have seen heaven an angel, yet your servant has been shut from the door when I sought me. I have eaten and have not escaped poverty and insult. All this in a quiet house! Look at

face and hollow eye, at my emaciated form—what wrought such a wreck? Service for such as you, who overtask the unprotected female, and pay her too little for her respectable sustenance. Ah! there are thousands like me, as full of suffering and quiet endurance, serving cruel women, whose silks and elegant establishments do not permit them to be considerate of the welfare of the poor sewing-girl or governess. Yes!” she cried, with raised voice and excited manner, “the cry goes up from ten thousand heavy hearts and uncared-for souls: ‘There is no help for us, no labor, no bread!’ And, with that cry on their lips, multitudes of pure, loving women rush to the streets, hoping, by a life of shame, to forget the pangs of hunger and cold. Thousands have done so, O merciful God! Thousands yet *must* do so, for the riot in luxury in the city, the gold of your husbands, the poor girl, the winds of heaven. It is the mother before the door. I have seen

further evil to him whose ruin can advance you not one jot in riches, in happiness, or in the grace of God, which you so much need. And hark!"—here her voice dropped into a low, fierce utterance, as if the soul was speaking from those compressed lips; "if you dare to press your claims further upon this girl's hand—if you dare to proclaim Mr. Livingstone's disgrace in the street, I shall tell the story of a woman's wrongs, of your infamous scheme, to every worshiping congregation of this city—I shall have the officers of justice on your track for conspiracy and assault. Meet that ordeal, if you dare, sir!"

The invalid rose in her chair, as if to clasp the poor girl to her heart. Her effort was too great, and she had fallen to the floor, had *Strong* caught the fainting girl gently on the bed. She was the Nemesis of an un-

holy rite, but an angel of tenderness, putting aside the rich hair from the temples of Marrha, and bathing them with a mother's solicitude. One by one the company left the chamber, silently, as persons in a dream. Mr. and Mrs. Livingstone turned to their own room. Reynard and the minister passed out into the darkness, closing the door softly after them. The house was solemn with a stillness like that which follows after the quiet sea has swallowed up its dead. Eleanor Strong was a spirit there, moving noiselessly around the room in gentle ministration. By and by, she, too, went out into the night, to find her way to a mother's heart, where she could weep and find rest for her overtasked nerves and fevered brain. The great house was alone to the sweetly-sleeping invalid and to the deeply-touched and contrite hearts of the parents.

(To be continued.)



The northern breeze has hung
His wintery harp upon some giant pine,
And the pale stars among
I see the star I love to name as mine:
But toward the *south* I turn my eager eyes—
Beyond its flush'd horizon my heart lies.

The snow-clad isles of ice
Launch'd by wild Boreas from the northern shore,
Journey the way my eyes
Turn with an envious longing evermore;—
Smiling back to the sky
Its own pink blush,—and, floating out of sight,
Bear south the softest dye
Of northern skies to fade in southern night;
My eyes but look the way my joys are gone,
And the ice-islands travel not alone.

The untrod fields of snow
Glow with the rosy smile of parting day;
And fancy asks if so
The snow is stain'd with sunset far away;
And if some face, like mine,
Its forehead press'd against the window pane,
Peers northward, with the shine
Of pole star reflected in eyes' rain;
And my heart says it must be so,
And like a bound bird flutters hard to go.

Sad eyes that, blurr'd with tears,
Gaze into darkness, gaze no more in vain
Whence no loved face appears,
And no voice comes to lull the heart's fond pain!
Sad heart! restrain thy throbs,
For beauty, like a presence out of heaven,
Rests over all and robs
Sorrow of pain, and makes earth seem forgiven:—
Twilight the fair eve ushers in with grace,
And rose clouds melt, for stars to take their place.

FEMALE DEVELOPMENT.

AMONG the various subjects which interest the public mind at the present day, that of female education occupies a prominent position.

As early as the year 1818, the illustrious De Witt Clinton, then governor of New York, recommended to the legislature of that State some special attention to the education of females. A law was enacted, the first of the kind in the United States, making public provision for the support of academies and seminaries, in which young ladies might be instructed in the higher branches of literature. Since that time, the interest felt on this subject has been constantly increasing; and female seminaries, academies, and boarding-schools have been established in various parts of our land "to diffuse the light of science and the blessings of religion."

Still, it is too often the case that parents seek for their daughters an *ornamental* rather than a *substantial* education—one which will fit them to shine rather than to be useful. As a consequence, hundreds of young ladies leave our public institutions wholly unfitted for the stern realities of life. They may, perhaps, be able to converse with some degree of facility; to draw, paint, play the piano with skill, and display a superficial knowledge of French. But, such an education, unaccompanied by more *substantial* knowledge, will create disrelish for domestic employments, since it but partially fits woman to perform the appropriate duties of her sphere, as daughter, wife, and mother.

Another fault in present systems of education is, that many attempt to complete a course of study at too early an age. Young ladies, anxious to enter society, obtain a diploma when so young that it is *impossible* for them to have that thorough knowledge of the branches pursued, which they would have obtained, had they waited until a few more years of experience had given greater strength

of judgment and maturity of intellect.

Sufficient attention is not paid, in most of our boarding-schools, to physical exercise; and, not unfrequently, a young lady leaves them with a constitution undermined and with the seeds of a disease which will consign her to an early grave. Whatever else may be neglected, provision should be made for *daily exercise in the open air*, as essential both to bodily and mental vigor.

The true object of an education is twofold: to develop the mental faculties, and to bring them to subserve to the glory of the Creator. This can not be effected without a course of thorough *systematic* training. Our institutions for young ladies should be furnished with competent and liberally educated instructors, with libraries, apparatus, and every thing necessary to render the physical, mental, and moral culture, all what it should be, *thorough*. The relation of woman to society is one of the reasons why she should be so dealt with. The power of her general influence can hardly be estimated. The grace and gentleness of her sex add a charm to her words and actions which can not be resisted. By employing her efforts in the cause of truth, she may be instrumental in calling into action master-spirits, who will devote their lives and talents to the good of mankind.

Woman should be *fully* educated, that she may be fitted to become an instructor of the young. To train the youthful mind properly, is a work of great difficulty and importance: and surely those who attempt it, should possess well-balanced and amply-cultivated intellects.

But the most important reason why woman should be educated, exists in her relations to the family. As a sister, who can estimate the influence which she may exert over her brothers? How important her character should be so formed, that this influence may be salutary!

Upon her as a mother devolves the vast responsibility of training immortal minds for eternity. The impressions which she makes will be permanent. Although she is not expected to occupy a seat in our legislative halls, yet she forms the characters of those who are called to do so, thus holding in her hands the destinies of the nation.

Then let woman be physically, morally, and intellectually developed, that she may be qualified to fill with dignity, with usefulness, with power, whatever station in life she may be called to fill.

M. E. B.

GOT THE FEVER.

HAVE I got the "gold fever?" No! never had it, never hope to have it; and I will tell you first how I escaped it, and secondly, why I expect to escape it. First, then, I spend but little time around stores, groceries, and bar-rooms, where the fever is often caught. There are usually lazy loungers about such places infected with the disease, and, although every new arrival of gold dust augments the fever, yet still they stay, and talk, and sigh, and communicate the infection to others. Then again I was never predisposed to the contagion. I was never taught to believe that the chief end of man was gold. I remember to have read that "the love of money is the root of all evil," and this being so, for observation confirmed the truth, I have preferred to lavish my love on objects nearer, dearer, and more lovely. And because I have thus placed my affections on things of home, I expect to ever escape the fever. Sickness may come, and death, it may be, and dissolve the ties which bind me here so strongly, but against the love of gold I am trebly protected. There is a pleasant spot I call my home, where, however coldly the outer world may frown, the home fire always burns bright.

Shall I leave this real, pleasant home, for a lonely tent in the far wilds? There is an eye which looks

for my return through frosty pane or open door, and a voice which ever speaks in tones of love and cheerfulness. Would I find among the rough miners, think you, a countenance dear as hers whom I call by the pleasant name of wife? Once more! When the New Year's bells were ringing, one bright, sunny day two years ago, a little prattler, with eyes of midnight and wealth of dark brown hair, came to our home to bind our hearts together still more strongly.

Would I for gold take up my lonely march in search of a shining metal, and leave bright eyes to dim with weeping, and childish tones to ask in vain, "Where is papa dorn?" No, dig your gold, ye feverish ones, and look up only to watch for the lurking red man. I will dig the golden soil, and plant it with fruits and flowers, assured that the eyes which watch my labors, are not those of avarice, envy, or hatred, but of affection. And while you in the darkness dig deep beneath your hearthstone to bury your treasure, I will sit by the cheerful fire-light of home, surrounded by those whose worth gold could never estimate, and say in the fullness of my heart, "There are treasures better than gold."

MAURICE DELANCEY.

THANKFULNESS.

BY D. A. BIBB.

Of the memories I cherish
Lonely moments to relieve,
One is of an infant kneeling
By his mother's knee at eve,
Praying, "Father, make me thankful
For the blessings I receive."

It may be the words were taught him,
But my heart would fain believe,
His unsullied spirit's wisdom
Did the subtle truth achieve,
That we need but to be thankful
For the blessings we receive.

God doth watch o'er all his creatures,
He best knoweth what to give,
And we still shall be pursuing
Our best interest while we live,
If we strive but to be thankful
For the blessings we receive.

MENTAL TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

BY DR. JOHN K. FRANCIS.

SIR Charles Fox, visiting the Boston schools in 1852, remarked to a friend, "You seem to be training your girls for a lunatic asylum."

He might have made the same remark, after visiting nine tenths of the "successful schools" in the land. Even as we write, there rise up before us the ghosts of playmates long since gone to the grave, or there passes before us a train of pale faces and poor bodies, with eyes unusually bright, lit up with the intellectual fire which is slowly consuming the flesh and blood of their abused physical being: they are the ghosts and the shadows of those who went into the *school-room* bright and ruddy-cheeked children, with health in their every action and word. They soon imbibed the "spirit of study," which means, their *vanity* to excel was so stimulated by their teachers, that the body was lost sight of, was not cared for, was persecuted into stooping shoulders, dyspepsia, weak eyes, paining forehead, consumptive cough; and, though the intellectual nature grew into precocious development, and gratified the hearts of parents and the conceit of teachers, it was their life sacrifice which followed. The uncautious mariner, over-anxious to reach port, spread the sails of his trim little craft until the unusual strain and distension of sails bore the hull down into the waters, never to recover the course again. So the fair child, started upon the great sea of human thought, is crowded into a speed and strain which overpower its little physical powers, and the gay shallop is soon the wreck of a fair thing.

"Though the strain'd mast should quiver as a reed,
And the rent canvas, fluttering, strew the gale,
STILL MUST I ON!

wrote the poet; let it typify a modern scholar instead of a sailor boy, and we have the figure of a *good student* clearly characterized.

Dr. Ray, in his address to the su-

perintendants of insane asylums, remarked: "Children are put into school almost as soon as they can go alone, and kept there six hours a day, and as they advance the work increases. If fortunate enough they reach the age of twelve uninjured, then the great physiological evolution in the system takes place, and renders it more sensitive under the strain to which it is subjected. They go into the high schools, where the sessions are five or six hours long, and not for the purpose of study alone; some do not study in school at all, the time being occupied solely in recitation. Out of school they are kept at their studies frequently until ten or eleven o'clock at night. I am astonished every little while at some new revelation respecting the extent of these practices. A few weeks ago, I was informed that many of the girls attending the high school in Providence—girls who ought to be in bed by nine o'clock—were up habitually until eleven or twelve o'clock, getting up their exercises for the next day."

Who does not see the truth in this statement? Parent, look into your own family circle! Do you see no case in point? Are you not already hurrying your child into the flood and fever of "study?" Look into your neighboring school-room, and see how the "successful teacher" is operating upon the nerves and mind of the "bright" little one, who comes home, day after day, languid and weary, not to rest—only to study! study! for the morrow's success. Do you not see in its face the signs of an over-stimulated brain? in its words and thoughts the marks of precocious growth? in its failing frame the evidence of ill health? Do you see this, and yet offer no word of objection to *such* a system of "education?" You deserve not to have children who will thus immolate them upon the unholy shrine of vanity, ambition, desire to excel, or whatever name you choose to give to the excuse for the ordeal you choose for your little one.

What we think of our systems of education, may be inferred by this general disclaimer: they are injurious, mentally, morally, and physically—mentally, by over-straining and hot-house development—morally, by aggregating numbers of children to hundreds under one roof, thus to taint the impressible nature of the child with the passions, and feelings, and incipient vices inseparable from a mixed *crowd* of young people—physically, by ignoring calisthenics, gymnastics, and exercise generally, as well as the divine necessity of *rest* and repose. We are prepared to show, clear as the noon-day sun, the truth of the position we assume, but we surmise that proof is too apparent to all close observers to call for its repetition here. It has become so much a *necessity* to laud our common-school systems, that it is dangerous for a person to say Nay! very loudly; yet *we know* that nine tenths of the intelligence of the country does not approve of this movement for promiscuous intercourse of all conditions and classes and sexes in the general school rendezvous. That a general system of public or free instruction is desirable, is very true, and not to be gainsayed; but, that the system now so generally adopted is the proper one, can not be true so long as the objections, which we have urged above, hold good against it.

From Dr. Ray's admirable address let us again quote: "The number of youth that break down in consequence of excessive cerebral activity, is countless. The disease may pass under some other name, even dysentery, as in a case that came under my notice only last week. A lady informed me that her only child, a daughter fourteen years old, had died at school of dysentery, though the disease seemed light, and her physician had declared, an hour or two before she died, that there was no danger. I ascertained, however, that she was one of those intellectual children who are fond of study, and that she had been

encouraged to use her brain to the utmost extent, with none of those exercises and recreation which might have checked the ruinous effect of such a course. In this condition she was attacked by a disease which, under other circumstances, would not have been serious, and she wanted the nervous energy to resist it. This case illustrates an effect of excessive cerebral exercise too much overlooked. I mean the inability to bear the least shock of diseases in any other organ, as if the vital forces had all been used up in supplying the demands of the brain. The ordinary manifestations of this condition are so common that, in consequence of their very commonness, they fail to make an impression upon us."

But why try to cite individual cases? Space could scarce be assigned us in this journal to tell of what has fallen under our single observation—of years cut off from a promising life; of broken constitutions; of hopes crushed and ambitions thwarted; all through the vicious errors of the school-room of the child. Let each reflecting parent sit down and recall his or her own knowledge of sad histories, and the lesson we would impress upon their minds is already before them.

What is the corrective? Most assuredly it is at hand. First, *never* place a child in school before seven years of age, at least. Let its education, up to that time, be found at the home fireside. See to it, *at all times*, that the child is *happy*, that it has plenty of vigorous exercise, plenty of good, nourishing food, plenty of sleep upon a *soft* bed—all of which will insure it health and fine bodily development. When it is finally determined to place your budding rose into the school-room pot, place it there under the severest injunctions against the forcing process; demand for it light and pure air, and gentle ministrations; protect it from rough contact with gross and debilitating plants: this will call it into its newer

bloom with health on its cheeks, strength in its limbs, and power in its being for years of fruition and blessing. Allow of no overtaking the brain—let the progress be slow and sure, rather than rapid and dangerous to body and mind; make study a pleasure, always—a task, never; let the number and choice of studies be proportioned to strength, taste, and ability, rather than force the number and choice upon the child by a settled and irrevocable “course;” and, throughout all the whole years of devotion to books, see to it that nature is always *first* cared for, first catered to, first developed. This simple observance of simple laws will, in the end, result vastly more favorably to progress and rational development than the present system of premature and vicious “instruction,” public and private.

STORIES FOR THE YOUNG.

THE SNOWDROP AND THE DAISY.

HOW I wish I was any other flower,” sighed a snowdrop, one day in the early, bright spring.

“Why so?” asked a neighboring daisy.

“Why, because we are so insignificant,” answered the snowdrop; “we make no show among the bright spring flowers around us.”

“How can you say so?” said the contented daisy. “Surely there is no flower in the garden with which you would change places!”

“Is there not?” said the snowdrop impatiently. “Only look at that gay crocus yonder, shining so brightly, with its golden cup; it looks almost like a little sun itself. What a brilliant, beautiful color it has! and the dew on it sparkling like any diamond. Oh, I wish I was a crocus!”

“Surely you can not mean,” said the daisy, “that you would exchange your pure whiteness for the glaring yellow of that gaudy flower? It looks very gay and bright, it is true, just

so long as the sun shines on it, but directly his warmth is withdrawn, its cup closes up, and it appears quite faded and done for.”

“But then I am so unnoticed,” persisted the snowdrop, in spite of all its daisy friend’s remonstrances; “the crocus must always attract admiration and notice, but I am so pale and drooping because my stem is so weak and slight. I wonder *why* I may not hold up my head with other flowers. Why am I condemned always to hang it, as if I was ashamed of being seen?”

“Oh, do not talk so,” answered the daisy; “be sure there is some good reason: only wait a little while, and you will understand why it is.”

That day was not far off; the same evening a dreadful storm arose, sleet and hail fell in torrents, and the wind raged fearfully. Large branches were broken off the trees, and whirled away by the hurricane, and even the trees themselves were rooted up. The frail stem of the crocus could not for a moment stand against the fury of the storm. The first blast that assailed it snapped it off, and its bruised and faded petals were blown hither and thither. The daisy and snowdrop bent almost to the ground, and the wind passing over their heads, left them unharmed.

“I see, I see,” said the snowdrop, “how ungrateful and repining I have been, when I ought to have been thankful that my stem was pliant and bending.” And “the little daisy looked up with its yellow eyes,” brighter and more cheerful than ever, and thankful that storms which would destroy gayer and more showy flowers, would pass over the head of one so humble and insignificant.

* * * * *

“Still,” murmured the snowdrop, “I do not see that there can be any good in my living, when I am not of the least use to any one. Indeed, I begin to think I blossom just at the wrong time to do good. If I was a little earlier, I should help in adorn-

ing the church at Christmas; or if I had been later, I should be prized and sought for at Easter and Whitsuntide, for the same purpose. How hard it is to be so insignificant and small as to be of no use to any one."

But there was a work for the snow-drop to do: every one has their task allotted to them, none can say they are too mean and insignificant to be of any use, or to do good, or that their life is in vain. Their actions may seem like drops to the ocean, but though passed by and unnoticed by all around them, "the hairs of their head are all numbered by Him without whose knowledge not a sparrow can fall to the ground." A day passed, and the snowdrop was growing no longer in the garden "uncared for and unseen." It had been woven with others into a wreath for an infant's grave. And the mother dried her tears on seeing them, saying:

"Those sweet flowers remind me of my baby's innocence."

Had the snowdrop then lived in vain? Oh, no! its sweet task had been that of consolation.

LITTLE BETTIE.

"HAND me some water, Buddy, won't you?"

"In a minute, Bettie."

And Bettie's feverished cheeks were pressed again to the pillow, and little Harry's hands went on as busily as ever with the trap he was making, and he at length entirely forgot the request.

"Please get it now, Buddy," he at last heard, and scattering knife, triggers, and strings in his haste, he was soon holding a cup to her crimson lips; but she turned her head languidly for it. "Not this, please, but some fresh and cold from the well," she said.

"Oh, don't be so particular, Bettie; this is fresh, and I am so busy I can't go now. Won't this do?"

She no longer refused, but quietly took the cup which he offered; and it was the last, *last* time she ever called

upon her brother for an act of kindness. Ere another day had passed she stood beside the River of Life, and drank of its cool waters, never to thirst again. And of all who wept over that little brown coffin, as it lay upon the table before the pulpit, there were none who shed more bitter tears than that little boy, who could not forget that he had refused the last request of his little sister.

Little children, are you kind to one another? or are you cross, selfish, and fretful? Remember, then, the time may come when they will be beyond your reach; and then, Oh! how gladly would you give all you possess to have them back again! You might gather all your books and toys—every thing for which you are now so willing to contend; but all you could do with them would be to place them on the grave of one you had wronged. It would not bring them back. Henry was a kind-hearted boy, and dearly loved his little sister; and she had only been sick a little while, so that he did not consider her dangerously ill. But this was no comfort to him when she was gone.

"Oh, mother!" he would say, "if I had only brought that water for her, I could bear it; but now she is where I can never, never wait on her again!"

Think of this when you are tempted to quarrel, to be selfish, or unkind; for do you know if one of you should die, the rest would remember every act of unkindness, every bitter word which had fallen from your lips? But then it would be too late to recall it—too late to ask forgiveness.

MEN are not to be judged by their looks, habits, or appearances, but by the character of their lives and conversation, and by their works. It is better that a man's own works should praise him than another man's words.

THE most happy man is he who knows how to bring into relation the end and beginning of his life.

EDITOR'S RETREAT.

APRIL.

"The eglantine, the hawthorn bright,
The thyme, and pink, and jasmin white,
Don their purest robes to be
Guests, fair April, worthy thee."

Not yet are they here, those flowers, in their "purest robes," to make beautiful our Retreat; but, as "coming events cast their shadows before," we perceive, not their shadows, but their heralds in the faint aromas of the moist earth and the swelling buds—crimson buds of the maple, unfolded by the delicate fingers of the wind; snowy buds of the crocus timidly looking out of the frost. In the gorgeous bloom of summer we would hardly deign to notice the fragile flowers, with their pale green stems, which we now cherish so tenderly.

Thus, after the winter of adversity has tried us, and all the weight and darkness of its tempests fallen upon us, how tenderly dear, how unspeakably welcome are the first pale blossoms of prosperity, the first golden glimpses of returning happiness! With gratitude we accept the tiny buds, the lovely blooms, which, in the full and lavish summer of our joy, we disregard. And it is a question, if these first modest offerings are not more deeply appreciated than the bewildering splendors of a later, richer season. A poet, who had been ill, once wrote that there was no pleasure in the world like that of convalescing: there was nothing in the strength and exuberance of full health and spirits to compare with the delicious sensation of renewing life, the delicate perceptions of the mind and spirit, ministered to by senses made so etherial by the refining process of sickness. Is there any thing like the *first* thrill of conscious love? the first love-letter? the first "season out?" the first tea-drinking in "a home of our own," however humble? And then, the first work of art or article of luxury, which, with much self-denial it may be, we bring into that little home—does any future prodigality of pictures or rich furniture possess a charm like that?

So the first showers, the first warmth, the first green leaves, and brook-side violets of April are very sweet—sweet in themselves and in the promise which they give of com-

ing abundance. We know that the rainbows which glorify the close of its musical storms, will be reflected upon the earth in living flowers—that the snow-drop is the usher of the rose—the robin the precursor of the nightingale.

PROVERBS.

The East, the ancient East of tradition, where the world began its stately march, had seven wise men in particular, and an infinite number in general. We should want no better proof of that wisdom which is purchased by experience, than the many brief and pithy proverbs which have become a part of Oriental thought, conversation, and literature—whole vessels full of sagacity condensed into one little subtle drop of elixir of life.

Fayaway, sitting indolently amid silken cushions, opens her lazy little mouth, and out melts a pearl of inestimable value—she is a "fairy, who speaks pearls,"—because she quotes the poet Hafiz, having never read any thing else—and he is full of delicious couplets which compress a volume into two sweet lines. A poor old beggar basks in the sun, on the warm side of a ruined wall; he is dirty, ragged, and disgusting; you address him, and in reply, he flings at you a jewel which would make a philosopher rich—he is saying what he has heard his father say, who learned of *his* ancestors—traditional eloquence! The very children who pelt you with rose-leaves of lisping speech, have some drop of attar rolled up in the fragrant morsel. But alas! we can not think that these Orientals live as wisely as they talk. Their words are sententious, brilliant, few—their lives are lazy, aimless, monotonous. "O consistency, thou art a jewel!" Here, in the new and busy Occident, we talk an infinite quantity of meaningless nonsense—but we act whole books-full of proverbs. Our words are as profuse as they are oftentimes diffuse—but our actions are full of energy. "Gab!" said somebody recently, more forcibly than elegantly, "is the ruin of this age. Everybody talks, and the talk comes to nothing." We do not agree to this. There is too much said and written, it

is true; but there is a great deal accomplished. By and by, when we have done all the work, so that our children's children have nothing to do but sit down and dream, they will be very wise, too, upon our experience. Through the sieve of time will fall the golden kernels of wheat, while all the chaff will be blown away into oblivion, and the future will gather them up as part of its inheritance—but we will have been the real owners, who planted and reaped, that they might enjoy. "Proverbs," small as they are, are a long time growing—crystallized out of the dew of ages.

CONSOLATION.

We have a cherished friend, who, not many months since, buried two beautiful little children in one week—taken from her by sudden illness. To hearts like hers, this little poem will be peculiarly welcome; and, as it is brief and sweet, we can afford it a nook in our Retreat:

THE LAMB.

The lambs, this winter night
So sternly bleak and cold,
Are gather'd, safe and warm,
Within the sheltering fold;
And from my bosom warm,
Where rested mine, of old,
My only one is laid
Beneath the church-yard mould.

My empty arms I reach
Out in the darkness dread,
To shelter from the cold
That dear, bright, curling head;
For drifts the heavy snow
White o'er his little bed,
And, oh, I can not take
Him from the shrouded dead!

Thus my sad, stricken heart
Its bitterness has told;
Though well I know Heaven's gates
Of shining pearl and gold,
For such sweet, sinless ones,
Most joyfully unfold,
And angels welcome them
Into that Upper fold.

BOOKS AND BELLES.

Women and books may be compared. The most gaudily-bound, gilded, and costly volumes are usually those senseless annuals, designed to lie upon parlor-tables, and containing only a collection of vapid common-places or sickly sweets;—really original, sterling works are found in more modest

bindings. So of the gayest-dressed and most elaborately ornamented women; they look well in the drawing-room, which they are especially designed to adorn, but there is very apt to be found a lack of sterling worth in the contents of their hearts and minds. If depended upon to give relief to sorrow, or add strength to our mental discipline, they would disappoint—they are to look at; not to be read.

AN INCIDENT.

Crossing the ferry, a few days ago, we, along with the rest of the passengers in the ladies' cabin, were surprised by a low, tremulous, but not unmusical voice, breaking the silence of the moment, by singing the well-known strains of "Home, Sweet Home." We looked around, and saw a German woman, busy with her knitting, her fingers flying as only German fingers can fly with the needle, her apron full of work, her hood down close over her face, which was bent, apparently, in utter abstraction, low over her task. Unconscious of the attention she attracted, she sang on, with a quiver of the voice which made us think there were tears in her eyes, while occasionally the notes would swell out clear and pathetic, as her memories rushed back (or so we fancied) more irresistibly to the "fader-land," recollections of which were bringing those simple, but heart-felt words to her lips:

"Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

People smiled, but mostly a sympathetic, gentle smile, which proved the crowd, after all, not indifferent to the incident. We thought this little touch of natural acting almost equal to some of the artistic efforts of the charming prima donna, who makes her audience smile and weep as she will.

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," and there doubtless arose a feeling of kinship, transient though it was, in the hearts of many, for the artless German woman, whose sentiments had stolen so unadvisedly from her heart.

THE CHILDREN.

Since it came in fashion for mothers and aunties to gather up the odd sayings of the little ones for the use of the editor of Old Knick, and some other willing reporter of

their pretty ways, it is astonishing to find how cunning, and how bright, and how original almost every one's baby is. And we mean this in earnest. Heaven has given the little ones inquiring minds, and beautiful, innocent ways. But, after the first three or four years of babyhood, we would like to know what becomes of the boys? What, indeed! They have disappeared, vanished entirely, become absorbed in a race of miniature men, small in person, small in wit, small in knowledge, small in virtue—but great in extravagance, great in conceit, great in impudence, great—very great, in their own eyes. Instead of blowing soap bubbles, they are smoking cigars; instead of rejoicing in jackets, they sport shanghais and flirt little canes; instead of honoring their fathers and their mothers, they look down upon them in profound pity, if not contempt, from the immense height which they have attained in knowledge of the world and superior wisdom generally. In fact, it may be suspected that they feel they have the power of patronizing even their lady friends, who can not but be very much “taken” with their airs of indifferent self-possession. What if they should take a fancy to slight one of these beautiful women? and the young gentlemen fondle the chin “where the down ought to grow.” We ask, too, where are the girls? Where are the modest, sweet-faced, artless, heavenly little things who used to teach the skeptical man of the world, by their simple looks and actions, holy lessons of beauty and unconscious purity! Alas! where are the charming little girls?

We see plenty of finified demoiselles, miniature patterns of mamma, elegance, and fashion-plates. We meet them in the parlors, with quick reply and coquettish manner, skilled thus early in the arts and wiles that worldlings prize, craving for incense to be offered to their vanity, feeling themselves already to be women, anxious to enter upon the stage where their graces and accomplishments will be called into display. We meet them upon the street, with the little curl of assumed scorn or nonchalance upon the lip—the precise step, the affected air, all betraying their melancholy initiation into the frivolity, duplicity, and heartlessness of society.

We sigh at the promise this gives for the future. If there is any thing lovely and delightful under heaven, it is the refreshing innocence, faith, and unconscious grace of children. When vanity, doubt, self-consciousness, and duplicity take their place, the spell is broken.

Where are the children? Where are the dear boys and girls with their childish faults and childish charms? Where

“The little, limber elf,
Singing, dancing to itself,”

not for the admiration of others—happy in its innocence, friendly with every thing, even with the bugs and butterflies, or the bare-footed beggar at the door?

THE TRUE EDUCATION.

Tastes will differ as education and habit differ. Some persons are alive to gentle impressions and tender sentiment, while the same objects and utterances will impress others with no particular emotion. Where one sees God and beauty in the world around him, another only sees materiality and a common-place reality. The difference is in education, not wholly, but yet in a very great degree. Let a child have a parent whose heart is alive to impressions of beauty, and it will surely have eyes to see and ears to hear the perfection of life around it. But let that parent be coarse, rude, vulgar, and just so surely is her offspring only fit companion for the coarse and brutal. The best natures are those that are alive to emotions of beauty and holiness: the worst natures are those in whose soul is no love for divinity as it is manifested in the reality around. How earnestly then is the duty urged upon parents to school the child to love music, and birds, and flowers—to “see God in the clouds, and hear him in the winds!” How does it become a necessity to direct the budding mind and dawning taste into the true light—to remove it from the presence of associations which are vulgar, coarse, or debasing! Let every mother reflect that the child is a pliable creature, to be moulded into perfection or imperfection, *just as her hand directs*, and her anxiety will, perhaps, suggest a way and means to teach her offspring of the Beautiful and True.

HOME HINTS AND HELPS.

IF one should start out on a long journey with just gold pieces enough to pay his way to the end, and should know that there was a hole in his purse, from which, at every step, some portion of his treasure was dropping away—if one should have a cask of rare ambrosial wine, a beaker of which each day would thrill him with renewed life and energy, and which he could not have refilled, and should know that, drop by drop, it was distilling through the cask and wasting slowly hour by hour—if one should be upon the broad ocean, with no prospect of the land being reached for months, and should avish fresh water from his small store, in witless extravagance, for unnecessary purposes, exhausting his supply while far out upon the brackish waves, such a one would be called improvident, if by no harsher name.

Yet, how many do we see, day by day, recklessly, foolishly, wickedly drawing upon the store of health which God has given to last them a lifetime; because the pieces are small which slip away, they imagine they will not be missed, and are bankrupt before the journey is half ended; because the wine ebbs away in drops, they flatter themselves the cask will always be full; because cold water is so simple and abundant a thing, they fancy it can never come to an end. They have no right to trespass upon our sympathies in seeking solace for the ills thus carelessly incurred; "waste not, want not," is in nothing more true than in health. Each debt which we make with the future, will be exacted with interest.

Many a woman *knows* that a daily walk in the open air, during all sorts of weather, will prolong her youthfulness for years, which her present manner of living will burden with suffering; but she has not energy enough to overcome habit and indolence. Many a man knows that his late hours, his undue work, and his tobacco, brandy, and rich dinners, are making fearful draughts upon the pure, refreshing fountain of health, which was given him to last him safely across the ocean of life. But he allows the stream to

flow away neglected, and if he is burned by parching thirst, withered in bloom and energy, and his voyage abruptly terminated by such folly, who shall be called to account?

Two thirds of the sickness in the world could be *prevented*, by proper care; as much care, for instance, as a man would bestow upon the increase and safety of his property; and more than two thirds of "all the ills that flesh is heir to" are accumulated by our own imprudence.

The recipe for scrofula, given below, is equally good for ring-worm, which, we suppose, is one form of that disease. The *Cincinnati Commercial* publishes the following communication from Nicholas Longworth, the great wine manufacturer of that city:

"All the papers I had, giving the cure for scrofula, have been distributed to persons sending for the remedy. I have never heard of a case where it did not effect a speedy cure, and it can in no case do an injury. In several instances, where it has been applied to old sores, it has also speedily effected perfect cures. Put one ounce of aquafortis in a bowl or saucer; drop in it two copper cents—it will effervesce—leave the cents in; when the effervescence ceases, add two ounces of strong vinegar. The fluid will be a dark green color. It should and will smart. If too severe, put in a little rain-water. Apply it to the sore, morning and evening, by a soft brush or rag. Before applying it, wash the sore with water. Its first application known to me, was a poor girl, sent to our city from Memphis, to have her leg cut off, as it was feared she might not live long enough to have it cut off in that hot climate. She was refused admittance in the poorhouse, and was lying on the sidewalk, as she could not even stand up. From her knee to her foot one third of the flesh was gone, and all the skin, except a strip about two inches wide. She was laid on a bed and the remedy placed on a chair by it. She could rise up and apply it. In a few days her peace of mind returned, and she declared it was getting well. It

was supposed it was a relief from the pain only; but, when examined, fresh flesh was found growing, and skin over it. She was soon running about, and would work, which delayed the entire cure, leaving a small sore, which was in a few months entirely healed. A young girl, with scrofula in her neck, having a large open hole, and deemed incurable, came one month after entirely cured, and recently married, with her husband on their way to the East. I have never known a case where it did not effect a cure."

SILVER CLEANING.—We notice the following item in an exchange, and we would make a suggestion not contained in the paragraph, namely, that the ammonia should be very weak—about two tea-spoonfuls of ammonia to a tea-cup of water:

"Housekeepers will, without doubt, thank us for informing them that the black sulphide of silver, which forms on plated and silver wares, door plates and knobs, may at once be removed by wiping the surface with a rag wet with aqua ammonia, and without the trouble of rubbing and scouring with polishing powders.

"It may be well also to inform them, that this black film, which forms on silver exposed to sulphide of hydrogen, is no evidence that the silver is impure, for it forms as quickly on fine silver as on that which is alloyed with copper. We have known instances of good silver plate having been returned to the manufacturer, because it had been wrapped up in flannel, and we had occasion to explain that the sulphur came from the flannel, and would act with equal readiness on the finest silver.

"After rain, much sulphide of hydrogen is disengaged from the soil of our streets, and it then blackens silver door-plates very quickly. This black film, as before observed, is most readily removed by means of aqua ammonia. The same agent will be found very useful in cleaning gold chains and jewelry."

AN IRISH STEW.—One pound of meat, cut in bits; three or four pounds of potatoes, peeled and scalded; three or four large onions, chopped up; a table-spoonful of salt; a tea-spoonful of pepper; a quart of water, or liquor from boiling meat; put in a sauce-

pan over the fire, being careful to stir it about, to prevent its burning; at the bottom, put a layer of potatoes, then some of the chopped onions, with salt and pepper, then half the meat, and a little more seasoning, then another layer of potatoes, then seasoning and meat, and seasoning again, then the rest of the potatoes, and, last of all, the liquor; shut it closely down, and let it boil moderately for at least an hour. This is very good, done with parsnips instead of potatoes, or part of each; it makes a savory dish, and requires very little bread.

COTTAGE PUDDING.—One egg; one cup of milk; two and one-half table-spoonfuls of melted butter; one cup of white sugar; one pint of flour; two tea-spoonfuls of cream of tartar; one tea-spoonful of soda. To be eaten with sauce.

PRESERVING BUTTER.—A patent has been secured by W. Clark, of London, for the following method of preserving butter:—The butter is first well beaten in the usual manner after churning, then placed between linen cloths and submitted to severe pressure for removing whey and water. It is now completely enveloped or covered with clean, white paper, which is coated on both sides with a preparation of the white of eggs, in which fifteen grains of salt is used for each egg. This prepared paper is first dried, then heated before a fire, or with a hot iron, just prior to wrapping it round the butter. It is stated that butter may be kept perfectly sweet without any salt for two months, when thus treated, if placed in a cool, dry cellar. The submitting of butter to pressure, as described, is a good plan, and one which we recommend to all our farmers. They can easily practice it with a small cheese-press.

TO CURE RHEUMATISM.—Seeing in a late number a call for a recipe for rheumatism, I forthwith send one that is first best. Take a large handful of wild blue-flag root, and as much black cohosh root (pounded fine), put it into a quart of best brandy; let it stand a day or two, then take a tea-spoonful three times a day till nearly well. Then taper off gradually to one day until cured. This is also a preventive.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE fashion magazines, and even the busy, political daily papers are full of reports of the spring fashions; so that we are certain our fair readers can inform themselves upon that subject fully, without our filling our Table with it. We have observed in the principal Broadway and Canal Street shops nothing especially novel in shawls, spring mantles, the shapes of bonnets, or the designs in silks. They are varied, and charming, and costly as usual, but nothing strikingly *new*—which is a very good thing for those who wish to wear last year's finery, without looking *moire-antique* than they wish. A pretty *petite* novelty is the fan-parasol, combining fan and parasol in one. We have heard tell of, though we have not beheld one with our own eyes, a dress to consist of a double skirt, the lower one of velvet, the upper of satin, in a lighter shade, the sleeves and bodice also of the same shade of satin. Well! the effect *may* be very fine. One of our favorite flowers, the modest yet elegant violet, has very much such a robe; except that in its case the contrast is rendered greater by a difference in color—its velvet robe being of royal purple and its satin one of yellow—yes! absolute yellow, only toned down by little stripes of purple trimming put on *en tablier*. And who shall dare to gainsay the good taste of the violet? We have been thinking that our Table has as good right to promulgate the fashions as certain foreign queens and empresses. We have, therefore, given the subject some consideration, and now drop a few hints, which we hope will be found satisfactory. It is about to be considered vulgar, as well as indiscreet, to wear *more* than a hundred thousand dollars worth of diamonds upon any one occasion. We advise our lady readers not to do it. At the late Washington ball to Lord Napier, the lady who wore that amount of jewelry upon her person, as also twelve thousand dollars worth of old point-lace of a rare and antique pattern, was afraid to move about, lest she should be robbed, or have her fragile splendors desecrated. She was fortunate enough, however, to secure a seat under the full

blaze of a chandelier, where she remained during the evening, as much of a fixture, and almost as brilliant, as the chandelier itself. The managers were very much obliged to her for her valuable aid in lighting the apartment. The lustre of her appearance may have been somewhat owing to the fact that her husband made his money in the oil business. For those who wear the *bayaderes*, we would suggest that the circumference of their hoops be limited to thirty feet, as it must be very fatiguing to the stripes to run around such an extent of petticoat. The pedal extremities should be limited to two feet. The train of the skirt should be a yard long for street wear in wet weather, and should be richly fringed with little sticks, straws, bits of paper, burrs, and whatever other ornaments can be obtained at the principal crossings. Marble mantles are very much the style. Plain gold rings are much sought after by young ladies. Beaux are all the rage; and form a very effective addition to a prettily-trimmed toilette at opera, concert, or in the parlor, but are almost too *prononcé* for church or shopping. We should think sunflowers, *au naturel*, would be very ornamental for head dresses, and they would have the advantage of "turning the young ladies' heads" in the direction to them most desirable; it being a well-known peculiarity of that flower that it

"—turns to its lord when he sets

The same look which it turn'd when he rose,"

of which Moore can be brought in proof, if doubted; so that, whether sitting or standing, these lords would be constantly objects of admiration. Half mourning should be adopted for weddings. It would not be amiss to read Bryant's "Burial of the Little Boy" as part of the ceremony. Square envelopes and letter-paper are now the style; since husbands and fathers can not square their accounts, the fair sex are resolved to have all fair and square as far as their paper is out—even their cards; which presents us with the scientific impossibility of squaring the fashionable circle. These few hints must suffice for this month.

— What a month of horrors has just past! It would seem as if the Angel of Mercy had tarried somewhere, and given the Angel of Destruction the baton. It makes us doubt, at times, the redeeming power that is in man—these daily and hourly tragedies; but we try to see them in their true light as fruits of a life that is *not* true to nature—a life of ruin rather than of reason. The Washington tragedy just lifts the veil, and behind it we see the causes which wrought the wreck of souls; worship at the shrine of fashion, love of theaters and balls, passion for gay company, trifling with truth: *these* are the murderers, not the leaden ball! Oh, mothers! see in this the necessity for proper associations of your young daughters. Teach them love of pure things, horror of what is impure in thought or deed, and you may be spared the remorse which will forever haunt the fireside of the ruined home on Fourteenth Street.

— A provoking contrast does the country now begin to offer to the city. Spring birds, and buds, and grasses, and soft airs are starting up around the country blest, but around the denizen of the city only the roar of 'busses, and the shrieks of milk-men and unlicensed pedlars. It is well we have a spirit that can leave the body, and speed away to the hills, and fields, and woods, else our very being would grow like a Russ pavement, and our countenances become assimilated in expression to a granite wall. Oh, for one good wild run in the woods, or by the side of the sea, or over the hills, just to give the body the taste of the freedom which it knows only through what once was! Blessed are they who have not to cry for that freedom, for they know not of prison-bars and manacles more binding than iron.

— What of the night? Ask the mother who is awakened every hour by her crying child; of the babe racked by colic; of the nurse walking the floor and singing with the lips, when the heart within is crying! The night, to these, is not the one of which Longfellow sang:

"And the night shall be fill'd with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away;"

but rather of the fellow who has it:

And the night shall be double and twisted
With cries that might well dismay
An Arab, or Christian, or what not,
And compel him to halloo for day.

Reader, *did* you ever take care of baby? Then you know just what we mean.

— Drake's "Culprit Fay" has been republished in the form of a very pretty little volume, by Rudd & Carleton of this city, and "illustrated" by John W. Ehninger, as the advertisement particularly announces, though what the illustrations consist in we have not found, except a very small, very common-place vignette at the beginning of the book.

This charming poem is the only fairy poem, of any pretensions, belonging to this side of the water. Our literature and our traditions are sadly deficient in fairy lore; our woods are all uninhabited, our glens unhaunted, our roses and lilies forsaken of these delightful beings. If Shakspeare had chanced to be a Brother Jonathan, he would never have written that most exquisite of all mortal creations of genius, "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

Our children do not thrill with mingled terror and delight as they pass the twilight nooks where these elfin creatures might abide; nor do our tippling countrymen, in their midnight journeys home from the too-fascinating tavern, ever meet the fairy fiddler, who compels them to dance until daylight, will-he, nill-he.

— Speaking of illustrations, reminds us, if any of our readers wish for a book that is illustrated—a perfect gem of art, a hall of dreams through which they can wander for hours, haunted by visions of beauty now hinted at and now revealed—let them send for Redfield's new edition of the poetical works of the late Edgar A. Poe. It is one of the most superb, as well as truly poetical, volumes ever published in this country. The designs are all original, and by the first artists of England and America. It is saying all that need be said in their praise, to state that they do not appear less beautiful because of the highly imaginative poems with which they are associated. It gives us pleasure to speak of this *recherche* book, and to recommend it to the tables of those who

can afford it. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

—"Two Ways to Wedlock" is the title of a novel recently republished from the N. Y. *Home Journal*. Only two ways? There are a thousand! as every woman knows. We will guess that the author is a man, for men generally know of but two ways to the altar, viz: through a *gold* ring and through a love contract which includes the word "obey." Is it not so, dear sirs?

—"Make hay while the sun shines," used to mean something; now the saying reads: "make *haste*, and while the sun shines, show your new bonnet." At least we should think this the truth, for ocular demonstration, every sunny day, is not wanting. We wonder what will be the aggregate cost of all the spring bonnets to the mothers and daughters of New York State alone. The true figures would cause a revolution!

—Contributions come in freely, for which we sincerely thank our many correspondents. We read with pleasure even what we may not use, and use what seems best adopted to the magazine's wants. Many articles not used are still entirely worthy of being printed, but not being exactly adapted for a Home monthly are, of necessity laid aside. Such we will always return (*where stamps are remitted*) stating the particular reasons of our inability to use the contribution.

—The articles on file for use comprise, among others, the following: "Aunt Ruth," a story, by Ellen C. Lake; "Roselawn," a story, by Clara Augusta; "The Clouds," a poem, by the same; "Bread," an Essay on Household Economy and Chemistry; "Freddy Grayson's Angel," a story, by Mrs. Frances Fuller Barritt; "Sir Ma'am," a poem, by D. A. Bibb; "Out in the Rain," a poem.

—An article, "Marriage, as a Means of Human Happiness," shall receive place in our next, together with "some few remarks" by the editor. It came too late to give the theme a proper "airing" in this number.

—Those correspondents who ask "for a correspondence with the editor," are informed that the responsibilities already assumed forbid any addition to her labors

which can consistently be avoided. A "literary correspondence" is a pleasure where it is not a burden—where it is such it is not desirable.

—"The Century" is among the ablest and most admirably ordered weekly newspapers in the country. It is destined to a large circulation, and well deserves it. To any family looking for a paper to take, we may safely commend "*The Century*," New York.

—Our publishers have resolved upon a May-day migration. A four months' experience in the metropolis, has convinced them that fine, airy rooms on William Street are preferable to close rooms on Broadway, and like sensible men, they have resolved to have a Home at 137 in said William Street. Everybody has heard of Sands' Sarsaparilla, and a great many have paid for their knowledge of it. Well, that sarsaparilla has built a superb block of buildings, just as pills built the Brandreth House—just as the Phoenix Bitters built the Moffat Building—just as Dr. Townsend's "original" compound of poor port wine and elderberries built a princely residence on Fifth Avenue. In the Sands building "The Home" has, hereafter, its abiding place, among dignified tradesmen and busy power presses. To the new quarters the publishers bid all their friends; and there all correspondence may be directed. Matter designed for the Editor, may be sent to their care, but all letters appertaining to the business department, should be directed to Beadle & Adams.

—"Cornelia," by Frank B. Goodrich, copied from "World-Noted Women," by permission of the publishers, Messrs. Derby & Jackson. It is a fine characterization of her whose memorable saying of her children, "These be my jewels," has rendered her the model matron of all time. It will be read with pleasure and profit.

—An April Shower! Who has not been caught out in the rain? It is such a *treat* as children know how to *enjoy*, even though it frightens anxious mothers, and sends the washerwoman an extra skirt or two for "the fun." We can well recall such experiences as the artist catches in his frontispiece to this number. The poets

have all sang of the *April* rain, for it is the most musical of all rains—warm, invigorating; quickly passing, and followed by a sky of great beauty. It woos the daisy, and violet, and sweet forget-me-not into life and glory; it coaxes the grasses to come forth again and open their green lips for its kisses; it challenges the birds and bees to their wildest, sweetest strain; it makes the bursting buds give forth their murmur of joy, inarticulate to all save fairy ears: these are the offices of the April shower. What wonder the poets all love the fickle comer?

—We see Mrs. Osgood's exquisite song,
"Oh, would I were a spirit of song,"

going the rounds, credited to Miss Libby Higgins! Miss Libby perpetrates a daring theft to steal from such a source, and editors are somewhat in want of a literary critic who will thus be imposed upon.

BOOK NOTICES.

TWO WAYS TO WEDLOCK; A Novellette.
New York: RUDD & CARLETON. 12mo.

This book is reprinted from the *Home Journal* weekly, where it appeared in chapters. It has been forced into some notice, by the extravagant praise of it by the editors of the *Journal*, but we fail to see in it any thing of marked and unusual excellence. Its portraiture is confused and "fussy," its narrative unduly drawn out, and its *moral* common-place. This is what may and must be said of fully three fourths of the modern novellettes, so expected-to-be common-place are they. We are only surprised at the sale which such books find. It goes to show that the tastes of "the many" have not yet reached the discriminating stage of development. So long as this want of proper appreciation prevails, Hawthorne, Caroline Chesebro, *et id omne genus*, can not be "popular."

WAVERLY NOVELS; cheap edition. 8vo. T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia.

This is probably the cheapest edition of

Sir Walter Scott which has yet been printed. It gives, in twenty-six volumes, the whole series, at two shillings per volume, or five dollars for the complete set. This places them within the easy reach of all. If young folks (and, for that matter, old folks, too) must read novels, there are none more admirable than Scott's matchless historical fictions.

THE METHODIST; or, Incidents and Characters from Life in the Baltimore Conference. By MIRIAM FLETCHER. With an introduction by W. P. STRICKLAND, D. D. 2 vols., 12mo. New York: DERBY & JACKSON.

Although devoted to a description of a life in the Baltimore Conference, these volumes are as attractive as a romance. Itinerant preachers have, as a general thing, as much of adventure and singular experience as fall to the lot of most men. "The Methodist" not only delineates this traveling-minister experience, but gives, under the guise of a story, a full and deeply interesting insight into the Methodism of the early days—of camp-meetings, class-meetings, love-feasts, watch-nights, protracted-meetings, etc. Had the title of the work been more popular, it must have commanded a large circulation among all classes, for it is well worthy of such circulation.

THE ROMANCE OF THE RING, and other Poems, By JAMES NACK. New York: DELLISSER & PROCTOR. 12mo.

This volume is a specimen of neat typography and binding. The poet is worthy of such consideration. His muse is one popular around firesides and in homes where the affections have their abiding place. Though not tutored in "the schools," there is that in Mr. Nack's poetry which makes it pleasant to read. He is one of those "village poets,"

"Where song gush'd from his heart
As drops from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start."

Did space permit, we would give one or two of the poems most marked by the author's home feeling.